The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 167. WEEK ENDING JAN. 13TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

One of the "little things" that count:

"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.

No more jarring headache-causing shocks 'twixt hard, unyielding heels and pavement—you just walk everywhere as if your paths were laid with richest Axminster. "Wood-Milnes" keep your boots in shape as well, add weeks and months to their utility, so save you money. A pair of real "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels will outlast three leather soles. Made from better quality rubber than any other rubber heels in the world; whenever and wherever you buy "Wood-Milnes" your satisfaction is assured.

Obtainable in Jet Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. To make sure of getting the genuine "Wood-Milnes" make sure to see the name "Wood-Milne" stamped on each heel.

Bear this in mind.

To get the utmost all-round benefit from "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels, be sure to have them fixed properly. The circular "Wood-Milnes" should be sunk into the boot-heel, right at the back, and almost flush with the leather. So fixed, they will never skid, come off, or wear unevenly. Best to let the bootmaker fix them.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

The ESYFIX tip is the newest Wood-Milne success—simple, economical, and absolutely efficient. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip is so constructed as to be firmly secured on the boot heels by nails driven through the small leather centre-piece only. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip can, if necessary, be fixed in a couple of minutes, and a new tip can be fixed without re-heeling the boot. Two sizes for men and two sizes for ladies.

Cut Here

THIRD SCHEME.

RECOMMENDATION FORM.

I have recommended THE MODERN MAN to my friend whose name I have written in below, and who has purchased this copy.

Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name.....

Send all the forms you have collected so as to reach us not later than the first post, Tuesday, January 16. See instructions on page 496.

Jan. 13, 1912.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Save money. Real Tweeds, Homespuns, in lengths.—Patterns, 96, Salop Street, Dudley.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight waterproof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price, 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells, new, 8s. 6d. Harry Hall's Raynrezysta, nearly new, cost 25s., take 12s. 6d. "Modern Man," Nos. 1-166; what offers?—A. N. White, Workhouse, Royston, Herts.

Roller Skates, Richardson's aluminium wheels, attached to boots (size small 8); excellent condition throughout. Skates alone cost 30s.; will accept 25s the lot; approval.—Box 4646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Would you like to be a black and white artist? We train you by post. Expert tuition. Approved of by "Modern Man."—Stamp for Illustrated Pros., "Art," London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

DIGS.

Mechanic wants good Digs immediately; ten minutes Stuart Turner, Henley-on-Thames; state inclusive terms.—H. S. Jones, Box 4647, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Young man requires Loan of £15 for six months; good security given. Write full particulars.—Box 4645, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Exceptional money-making opportunity. Send postcard immediately for full particulars of this novel scheme.—Green, 54, Humber Street East, Hull.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 504.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the world's speed championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

Free Shorthand Lessons.—For 1d. stamp we send first lesson of our Sloan-Duployan course and particulars.—M., Liverpool Correspondence School, 37, Moorfields, Liverpool.

Physical Culture.—Celebrated two-guinea physical development course; magnificent muscular development guaranteed. Photographic illustrations, anatomical charts, and handsome medal, 3s. 6d.—"Culturist," Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

A bilious attack, which renders the sufferer unfit for work, is a common sequel to Christmas and New Year festivities. Send 1s. P.O. for a prescription which acts like magic.—Cook, 82, Marchmont Street, London, W.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Five-string Zither-banjo in case; good condition; bargain, 30s.—Howes, 22, Tennyson Road, Luton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"Handy Housewives," containing a good assortment of cottons, needles, buttons, and various darning wools; especially suitable for "Terriers" and men in "diggings"; post free, 1s. 1d.—W. Heath, Twickenham Road, Hanworth, Middlesex.

Reader has for disposal quantity of Stamps. Send stamp for approval sheets. Prices half dealers'.—Alan Saunders, Eaton House, Eaton Road, Hove.

Safety razor blades re-ground, equal to new, 1d. each. Gillette, Clemak, Auto Strop, Ever Ready, &c. Perfect results guaranteed, or money cheerfully returned.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark Brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case, suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ Tone Melodeon; magnificent 63s. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Mr. Repin, a Russian painter, is said to subsist chiefly on a diet of hay. Is this the reason why he works so feverishly?

* * *

Bertie Bonnyboy says that whenever the pretty principal girl in the pantomime happens to catch his eye while she is singing "Meet Me To-night in Dreamland," he can't help blushing.

* * *

A said-to-be-promising hurdle-racer is called Lace. I hope he will not prove as expensive as his name suggests.

* * *

Heard at the Hippodrome: "Why did Leo Fall?"

* * *

A fashion expert contributes in a contemporary an article on "The Flannel Back." The captain of a certain football team which has had an almost appalling total of goals scored against it says that his side has got two of them.

* * *

While on the subject of dress, a boxing dandy asserts that what the Rev. F. B. Meyer should have is a pair (or even more) of good stiff cuffs.

* * *

Says the "Globe," with slangy sententiousness, "If Germany struggles much more for a place in the sun she will be done brown." Is the latter *quite* the right colour? Just a *soupçon* of Grey, for instance?

* * *

People who have differences very often manage to lose all their distinction.

* * *

A weekly paper exposes what it calls, "The Theatrical Tea Tax." What is even more objectionable to many people is the "Tin" tax—otherwise the Insurance Bill.

* * *

A nobleman, so I hear from a weekly paper, which boasts of its reliable information, carefully treasures a dried pear. Is he thinking of one day using it for soap?

* * *

A writer shrieks out his indictment of "The Fraud of the Starting Price." A S-P-urious blessing, eh?

* * *

A rural philosopher writes to say that "A grain of sense is not often see'd."

* * *

Refreshment bar query: "What is the sau's age?"

* * *

A playgoer of Snappach recently demonstrated his disapproval of the performance by firing at the stage, killing two players and wounding two others. I wonder how many million pounds a week a certain humanity-staggering comedian would demand to sing "Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock" at Snappach?

* * *

"A novelty in Switzerland," says an evening paper, "is the cycle toboggan—a kind of wooden bicycle with each wheel replaced by a single runner." What are the resulting "spills" made of?

J. S. Cox.

BOTTOMLEY
versus
OURSELVES.

As we are continually receiving inquiries from Shareholders in this Company and from readers of this paper regarding the matter, we think it advisable, in order to save correspondence, to make the following statement as to the action for libel instituted by Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Limited, against THE MODERN MAN, Limited; Mr. J. A. Shepherd, Editor of THE MODERN MAN; and our publishers and printers.

Nothing having been heard for so long about this action in the newspapers, suggestions have been made that it has been hushed up. Such is not the case.

We are not responsible for the delay, for in litigation of this character it always rests with the plaintiffs to set down the case for trial. As Horatio Bottomley and "John Bull," Limited, did not do so, however, we applied on December 19th, 1911, to have the case dismissed for lack of prosecution, and Master Day ruled that the case should be dismissed unless the plaintiffs set it down for trial within seven days. On the last day the plaintiffs did so.

The case is now in the list, and when it comes on for hearing it will doubtless be as fully reported in the London and provincial newspapers as was the previous phase of the case, when Bottomley and "John Bull," Limited, applied unsuccessfully to have us committed for Contempt of Court.

As the case is still *sub judice*, we are unable to answer any further inquiries regarding this matter.

THE EDITOR.

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

THE TALE OF A RACE-HORSE OWNER.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

In his luxurious study that was fitted up e'en to the standard of the reception rooms of a big West-End bookmaker, Lord Claversham, after three hours spent with his secretary, sank back exhausted, and threw the unopened copy of the sporting daily into the wastepaper-basket, carefully crumpling it up first of all.

Then, a prey to the nervous fears of a trainer with half a conscience, who wonders whether his six to four on chance really looked as if it had tried in the race it lost, he pulled it out again, opened it, and threw it back with the race-programme showing.

The very next moment a servant came in to clear away and empty the two wastepaper-baskets.

"Phew!" said my Lord of Claversham. "That was a near thing. I'm sure Ponsonby has regarded me with suspicion lately over those unopened papers."

He trembled every day lest it should get to the Press that he, a scion of the sporting house of Claversham, did not care for racing.

He looked at the clock. Within half an hour he would have to motor to the race meeting of which he was patron, and where his horse, Celestine, was the favourite for the cup.

The butler knocked, and announced a caller, the caricaturist of a sporting weekly whose blush betrayed it.

"I have brought this drawing," he said, "for your approval. It will be published in our 'Racing Owners' series this week."

His lordship looked at it.

He had a nose for which the caricaturist never ceased to thank heaven. This man had made as much of it as a tipster makes of tipping a ten to one chance. He had large feet. They took up half the drawing.

The *tout ensemble* showed him in a coat that his lordship would never have dreamt of wearing.

"Very nice," said his lordship, "take it away."

"It gives the sporting effect, I think, m'lord," said the artist modestly.

He breathed straight gin reminiscent of Fleet Street into his lordship's face confidently.

"I suppose I can have, say, a half-crown each way on Celestine, to-day, m'lord?"

His lordship searched his stock of racing slang.

"You can have your—er—boots on it," he said.

The caricaturist smacked him on the back.

"Thanks. You're a sport, m'lord," said he.

His lordship sighed.

"You gentlemen of the Press," said he, "decided that long ago."

The caricaturist looked up.

"Don't you really care for racing, then?" he asked. "If you don't, I wish you'd let my pal have an interview with you. Don't give it to anyone else. A Claversham who doesn't care for racing! What a scoop!"

His lordship trembled.

"After being top of the winning owners' list, I was only two thousand pounds—a couple of thou, I mean—out. You're on a wrong 'un if that's your fancy," he said.

A volume of Addison fell out of the bookcase. His lordship, an admirer of that perfect man's works, winced, but allowed it to lie on the carpet.

The caricaturist departed whistling.

The butler announced Lord Claversham's trainer.

"Celestine, m'lord," he said, "has gone wrong. He knocked his leg, and it might fill. What must I do?"

Lord Claversham drew his hand across his lined forehead.

"Let's see, Horsefield," he said. "Last year, when we feared that Celestine was not likely to stand his preparations for the Lincolnshire, I made the fact public. As it happened, he came on considerably the last week, and, quite contrary to your expectations and mine, he won in a canter by six lengths. What did the public say after that?"

"They said you were one of the clever division, my lord."

"That was not a compliment, was it? His next race, what happened?"

"The horse was beaten by a dark outsider after, in response to numerous inquiries, you had stated you believed it a good thing for him."

"I remember. They said then that it was just like me. And now, to-day, as his leg has gone wrong, I must, in duty bound, announce it. *But*, Horsefield, the thing is, won't the public promptly think it is another dodge of mine, and lose the money they cannot afford over him?"

"They will."

"And, on the other hand, if he runs and loses, what will they say?"

"They'll say that you ought to have told them about it."

"Horsefield——"

"My lord."

"What have you come to me for?"

"I want to know what to do about Celestine."

Lord Claversham turned on him in anger.

"Then wire the Home Office," he said. "Put yourself in communication with the representative of the real owners of Celestine—Ask the British public what you are to do with their horse."

"Just as I expected!" said dear old Mrs. Footler, when she read that you have to send twelve coupons as well as a shilling for a MODERN MAN gold-pointed fountain pen. "I *knew* there would be a catch somewhere!".

TOO MANY HEROES.

A PROTEST AGAINST MAUDLIN SENTIMENTALITY.

"Heroes" are cheap nowadays. A man has only to show the most ordinary pluck or presence of mind in the face of danger to be dubbed "hero" and set upon a pinnacle.

The halfpenny newspapers are chiefly to blame, but their readers are not guiltless, for if they did not like to feed on such fare it would not be provided for them.

Take the case of the *Delhi* wreck and the "heroism" of Mr. McCaul Bell. We do not wish to say a word against the gentleman, and probably he himself is heartily disgusted with the fuss that has been made about him, but we are asked by cheap newspapers to accept him as a hero, and why on earth should we?

Mr. Bell behaved well, but he would have been very much less than a man had he done less than he did, and to call him a hero because he displayed average pluck is a prostitution of the term.

There is a disposition in some quarters, too, to make a "hero" of Mr. G. R. Hallett, apparently because he was in some danger of being drowned when getting ashore from the wreck.

It really does seem that we are losing all sense of proportion, for the *Delhi* is but one instance of making "heroes" out of nothing.

Take the Houndsditch murders. One does not wish to say a word against the memory of the murdered police officers, but what earthly reason was there for canonising them as "heroes." The poor fellows had no chance to do anything heroic, and those who escaped were too dazed and bewildered to do anything at all, yet they were held up to admiration as "heroes."

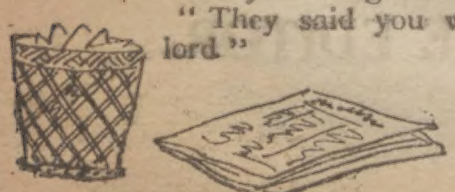
A man who is an expert swimmer pulls a child out of the water, a fireman enters a dangerous building, a miner carries a fainting mate into safety, and up goes the cry of "hero," and yet had these men failed to do what they did, it would have been black shame to them.

That is the whole point. What is coming to us when we make heroes of men for doing their bare duty? One still tingles with shame when one thinks of the fuss made over the C.I.V.'s. They were heroes, apparently, because they did not run away under fire.

It seems that we are losing our virility when the most ordinary pluck calls forth pæans of fulsome praise.

In a great many cases "heroism" is thrust upon a man, and he bitterly resents being made to look a fool, but there are too many "heroes" willing, nay, anxious, to pose for their photographs in the Press, and to describe how they performed this or that "heroic deed."

It is, to say the least of it, unBritish.



LINDRUM'S BILLIARD CAREER.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE HAS AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE BILLIARD CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA.

In the world of sport it is undoubtedly billiards that provides the greater number of surprises, for as fast as one record-breaker springs up, so does another appear, to wrest his laurels from him.

Last year we all went mad about George Gray and his losing-hazard game. Now, as we all know, the field is in the possession of Fred Lindrum, jun., the billiard champion of Australia. He has played George Gray thirty-three matches during a tour through New Zealand, and has won twenty-two of them, conceding, let it not be forgotten, points in every case.

Without doubt, he is one of the greatest billiard players the world has known.

Our representative, who obtained a chat with him before one of the " sessions " of his match with Reece, found the Australian champion to be a bright but unassuming youngster. He has not the nervousness of manner that characterises George Gray; but he rattled on quite modestly about his big billiard career.

BEGAN AT TWELVE.

" I never touched a cue until I was twelve years old," he said. " That was eleven years ago (I am only twenty-three, and I don't look that). My father had the principal hotel at Donnybrook, Western Australia, and it was there that I started the game.

" I practised long losing hazards into the top pockets sedulously for two years, and then I played my first big match. This was 8,000 level against an African player, called White, and I won by 2,000. As he was between thirty and forty, and I only fourteen years old, people seemed to think it was a pretty good start.

" My first really big game was seven years ago, when, at the age of sixteen, I played Teague for the championship of Western Australia, winning a level game of 3,000 up by 250 points.

" I was twenty when I won the championship of Australasia, at Sydney, playing Memmott 16,000 up, and eventually winning by 7,000."

THE MOST PAYING GAME.

In answer to my query as to the most paying form of billiards to play in the long run, Fred Lindrum replied with decision.

" The ' all-round game ' undoubtedly," he said; " there is so much more variety in it. People get to find the red ball monotonous after a time, especially when the loser is always made into the centre pocket. My dad, who has always been my billiard mentor, prevented me, after a time, from specialising in losers, and made me practise the all-round game more. My object, now, in playing such a lot of long losers is that I am anxious to bring off a really big break if I can. Then, when the public in England realises what I can do, I shall ' mix it ' more, to use a professional phrase."

" Fred's game, however," chipped in Mr. Lindrum, senior, with fatherly pride, " is undoubtedly brighter than the ' losing hazard into the centre pocket game.' He plays very little into the centre pocket, but goes in much more for long losers at the top of the table. This allows of a much wider variety of strokes, and consequently a considerably more attractive display."

MEN HE HAS MET.

" How many English players have I met? " The wonderful young cue-ist echoed my query. " Well, they were as follows:

" John Roberts, at Melbourne, a year ago last June, when I won a game of 16,000 up by 2,700 more than the points he conceded me.

" Stevenson, also at Melbourne, last July. He gave me 4,000 in 16,000, and I won by 3,650, and there was a restriction of twenty-five shots off the red, thus limiting continuous breaks off the red to 75 points.

" My biggest break was 1,239 against Tom Reece at Melbourne last June.

" By the way," wound up Lindrum with a smile, " I'm beginning to get a little afraid of my young thirteen-year-old brother Walter. He has already made an all-round break of 150 on a standard table; so I shall have to look out."

M. CARTER.

A CROSS-COUNTRY PLUNGE OVER LAND AND WATER.

Amid the somewhat monotonous succession of dull and moist days which are the lot of the country Englishman in winter, the excessive rain that leads to a flooded country is always hailed with interest.

To wake up on the third or fourth morning of a continuous downpour and find the whole face of the countryside miraculously changed beyond recognition from its aspect when last one saw it on the previous afternoon is an experience that an adventurous, outdoor man always enjoys.

It has in it a kind of temptation to be out and investigating, just as a frost calls one out to try the ponds and lakes to see if the ice is bearing.

A day on the flooded land is always a good day. It is usually found that the rain has stopped by the time the fields begin to sink beneath the thin sheet of surface water.

THE TOGS TO WEAR.

Then is the time to get out. Thick, well-greased boots, stout leggings, thick, woollen socks, a leaping pole, and nothing that can suffer from a soaking is the suitable equipment.

The clouds have cleared off, leaving only thin, watery strips of vapour low down on the horizon. The winter sun is shining at its brightest, and an unaccustomed glare rises from the expanse of water, making the eyes blink.

A great part of the enjoyment of flood-time lies in exploring the roads and footpaths to find out how far the waters have rendered them impassable.

A walk becomes rather a voyage of discovery. Every ridge of high ground, though but a few inches above the general level, is sought out, and progress becomes zig-zag and uncertain. One may easily find oneself on a green island with waters of unknown depth on every hand. It means, perhaps, a splash and a dash to escape, feeling one's way as carefully as possible with the leaping pole in order to avoid a sudden immersion in a ditch whose traces have been completely hidden in the general overflow.

HIDDEN DYKES.

Down on the levels, where the pastures are intersected with broad dykes, one carries one's life in one's hands at every step. The tips of dead reeds often act as warning-posts, but these, too, are often submerged, and the explorer must walk and leap warily from bank to bank.

Far away in the distance there are strange sights. Gateways stand isolated in a sea; trees stand forlorn, growing out of water; cattle, not yet rescued by the farmers, plod and splash about in the fields, lowing anxiously for help.

Swarms of strange wild fowl, attracted by the new conditions, can be spotted afar off, sailing in the sunshine.

Everywhere the ground is sodden and oozes with a superabundance of rain. The rats along the river-bank have been evicted, and can be killed in dozens with a small shot-gun as they try to escape to higher ground—now running, now swimming, in all directions.

HOW THE VILLAGE LOOKS.

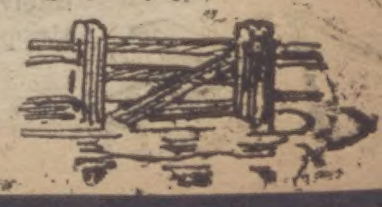
Distances are strangely altered—or, rather, appear to be so—when the floods are out. From an isolated mound half a mile from the edge of the village one seems leagues away from everything. The church standing a little higher than the houses looks like a great fort rising from a sea.

At points the surface of the road has been washed clean of all its mud, exposing the rough and hard-bound stones which have resisted the water.

Little bridges under the lanes are clogged with débris, and the water swirls round and round with a sucking noise, and at last finds its way round by the hedge and the road, to fall again into its proper channel on the opposite side.

Not a soul is abroad in the fields. Every farm hand is at home, for when the floods are out no work can be done, and for days the land will be too sticky for working. It is hard on the labourer, but the opportunity for an exciting morning's exploration is one that an athletic man thoroughly enjoys.

C. EASTON-GREY.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MICK HAYLING'S INVENTION

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The big block of artisans' flats in Theobald's Road, W.C., was not wholly tenanted by those for whom it had ostensibly been built.

Struggling authors and journalists lived there; also a sprinkling of law students; and bachelor girls were not tabooed, providing they lived in couples and could satisfy the landlord that they were earning a decent livelihood in some regular profession.

Here lived Mick Hayling, from Ireland, an engineer at the municipal electrical works, and an incorrigibly cheerful and enormously industrious young man withal.

If he had not been so industrious the world of London would have presented an ill-expressioned face to Mick Hayling, for he was in the unfortunate state of being without a friend, and having very little money; a condition of circumstances which London, colossalest of snobs, declines resolutely to smile at.

Mick Hayling knew hardly anything of London beyond the few streets he daily traversed on his way to and from the electrical works; and he knew less of its inhabitants, being—as is the fault of many young men—exclusively involved in himself and his own ambitions.

His habit was to reach home at somewhere about seven in the evening (dashing up the stone steps two and sometimes three at a time), and to make a big fire and a big tea (which latter he devoured), and then to settle himself at the table with a pipe on and a thick scowl marring his forehead, there to work, with but few intermissions, till one or two or three o'clock in the morning.

It was to all appearances mysterious and absorbing work. It had much to do with drawings and untidy writing on foolscap, and with frequent ruthless destruction of the same, and with prowlings up and down the room and audible swearing—suddenly to be followed by a rapid descent upon the chair and the feverish manipulation of a pencil; the which resulted in an equally abrupt lapse to inertia, a scratching of the sandy hair, a long, long period of oblivious reflectiveness. . . . Then finally the clutching of the brow between strong, knuckly hands, and the steady intent expression which comes from determined thinking.

Whatever it was that Mick Hayling was engaged upon, he certainly devoted to it an unconquerable earnestness.

It was only natural that occasionally he should feel lonely. He was of the Celtic temperament, emotional and imaginative, and in intervals of slackness he would yearn almost hungrily for a companion.

There was a certain person in the building in whom imperceptibly he began to be interested—a certain person with a delicious laugh, who went past his door at all times of the night and morning—generally in company with another girl—both of them "lady journalists," if the scraps of their dialogue which reached his ears could be trusted.

He visualised this girl—the one with the delicious laugh. Pictured her with brown, untidy hair, quick brown eyes, with flakes of darker brown in the irises, crimson lips—deliciously sweet when she smiled—a few freckles and a faint flush on her cheeks, white teeth, and a neck like cream. Oh, yes, a very pleasant companion of the imagination; but certain to be a disappointment if ever he set eyes on her.

He did set eyes on her, after several weeks had passed—a mirth-provoking little incident it proved.

Mick Hayling could sing rather well. He might often have been heard singing some snatch of a song as he got up in the morning, or as he cleared away the tea-things preparatory to starting work of an evening.

One night he was chanting a chorus whose first line ran somewhat as follows:

"*Wot price me-and-'er in Bel-gra-vi-a?*" and he had got so far when he heard a voice outside—a voice which passed simultaneously with a well-known step:

"*Both hon our best behavi-ar.*"

It was she who sang it! She had either taken up the words unconsciously, or it was a piece of furtive feminine humour—a reminiscent touch of school-girl impudence.

What made the latter contingency the more likely was that her footsteps ceased; she had stopped and was apparently listening.

Mick Hayling beamed all over his face, and went on, venturesomely and emphatically:

Walk, talk, dress ourselves, too,
And she finished it for him.
Just like the Dukies and Dukesses do!

He promptly strode over to the door.

She was just disappearing into a doorway farther up the passage as he opened it, and he caught her delicious laugh.

"I say! Here!" he called. He was a forward young Irishman where the fair sex was concerned. "Please! Just a minute!"

She turned a roguish face in his direction. It seemed likely that the whisk of a vanishing skirt would be the only answer to his boldness.

But perhaps Mick Hayling was a comely young man to look upon.

"What for?" she asked.

"Come here, and I'll tell you."

"You come half-way."

Mick Hayling obligingly did so.

"A bit farther."

"That suit you?"

"Yes. . . Now, what do you want?" And she remained where she stood.

"You haven't done your part. Fair's fair."

"I'm not sure that I want to come." But she nevertheless took a couple of steps in his direction.

Mick Hayling suddenly laughed out joyously. "Do you know," he said, "you're just like I'd pictured you were—only more so."

She halted at that, regarding him with a self-possessed criticalness.

"This will have to be looked into," she said. "I'm either being disparaged or complimented."

"You're——"

"Don't explain! I sha'n't believe you either way."

"I was going to say," continued Mick nonchalantly, "you're so sweet and pretty there'd be no sort of sense in complimenting you at all."

"Gallantly said!" Her flecked brown eyes were dancing. "But I'm too busy just now to listen to your nonsense. Do you know we've not been introduced? I'm Kit Barnes—you'll find the name on the door if you chance to stray this way up the passage, which you've no call to do, the stairs being at the other end. But as for you!—you're too shy and modest to advertise yourself to an inquisitive world. I've looked, I confess it—and once I peeped. So now you'll be able to see I'm not a bit afraid of you."

"You make me feel more like home every minute," declared Mick, fascinatedly admiring her. "Mick Hayling's me name, and I'm as harmless as the sunshine in the morning. Won't ye come in and have a talk with me some time?—not because I'm worth it, but because ye're so witching to look upon. Can ye come in now?"

"I can't. I've got to dress. I've got to go to some frightful crush, and describe the big-wigs and catalogue the dresses. I sha'n't be home till between three and four, and to-morrow I shall be fit for nothing. Some time, though . . . providing you'll promise not to mean all the nice things you say to me."

"I couldn't do that—truthfully," said Mick, "but I'll promise not to say 'em unless I mean 'em."

"No doubt about where *you* come from, Mr. Oirishman," she laughed. "But soberly, Mick, you mustn't try to make love to me, because I'm a Kilkenny cat when that tiresome game's started. Got no time for it. Honest now? . . . Just chums, first to last?" And there was almost an appeal in the frankly-glancing, humorous eyes.

Mick felt an unaccountable tightening of the throat. He swallowed before speaking.

"Of *course*," he said. "It'll be me pride—me daily pride, to be a friend to ye. . . . Good-night."

They wrung hands, smiling like children into each other's faces.

That was how it came about that Kit Barnes learned what Mick Hayling's mysterious work was—learned that he was on the track of an invention which, once perfected,

would make his name famous throughout the world.

Mick told her about it in the hushed tones of sacred confidence. Till then it had been a carefully-cherished, never-before-spoken-of secret. He even showed her the plans.

It was an idea of stupendous import—nothing less than an automatic finder and sighter of airships; a contrivance to be attached to a gun which, with the aid of an indicator and a dial, would find any cruising air-vessel and train the gun upon it, so that by the pressure of a button it could be instantaneously destroyed.

"I'm within an ace of it," he would often hoarsely whisper. "Kit, darlin', say you firmly believe in me; say I'll do it in the end; for, Faith and Love! I sometimes misdoubt it meself!"

Kit (who understood him so wonderfully) would then take him by the ear, and lead him from the table to his fireside armchair. She would push him into the chair, and then proceed to fill his pipe, placing it between his teeth and applying the lighted match while he puffed.

All this while the scowl of frustration would be heavy on his brow.

Then she'd stand back a little, and quiz him critically with her head on one side. She would not say anything, but her eyes would dance.

Gradually the scowl would clear. He'd look at her and burst out laughing.

"You witch!" he'd cry, and leap to hold her with a suddenness which made her retreat.

"No, no!" she'd warn him. "You'll spoil everything. *Mick* . . . be good! You can kiss my hand if you like; but you're an awful fool to want to."

Once she cried when he told her, in hungry accents, how dear she was to him. He made no attempt to touch her, but she fled out of the room, shaking with sobs.

She did not put in an appearance for several days after that. Then came the never-to-be-forgotten day when the dream of his ambitions came true—when, like a flash, the secret came home to him, and revealed itself. He was at the works when the miracle happened.

He sought out his boss, and, pleading indisposition, went home like a drunken thing. He *knew* he was right. He *knew* success was his at last. But he must first tell HER! See in her eyes the glory of his victory; hear her delighted clap of the hands and her utterly delicious laugh.

It was about half-past three in the afternoon when he dashed up the stone steps three at a time. It was only a remote chance that he would find her in her rooms . . . but chance on such an occasion would surely be friendly.

He first went into his own flat in order to get the plans wherewith to show her the differences that would have to be made. His hand had difficulty in placing the Yale key in the lock. He flung open the door.

Kit Barnes turned her head, and all the colour drained out of her cheeks. She had the plans propped up against some books; before her were drawing paper, compasses, ruler and pencils.

Impulsively and exultantly Mick Hayling cried out the one word, "Kit!"

Then he stopped. He stared at her blanched and frightened countenance with wonder. His expression became frozen, his eyes lost all their meaning.

"What are you doing with those plans?" he asked.

He did not recognise his own voice, it was so dead and dust-like, like ashes from a grate.

He went on with his questions, as she seemed unable to reply.

"How did you get in here at all? I don't understand it—unless you made use of the duplicate key, which is kept in the drawer along with those plans.

"Have you copied . . . all . . . the plans? Are you selling them . . . for a price—waiting only for the final secret which shall make them worth untold thousands?

"Answer me, Kit; will you?"

She shuddered and sank down on a chair.

"I've just finished it to-day," went on Mick Hayling. "I don't know whether I'm glad . . . or sorry . . . I found you out."

He gazed at her in a long, long silence.

"Will you please go?" he asked gently at length.

She got up totteringly and went past him with a face like death. Mick Hayling quietly closed the door behind her and bolted it. He hurled himself upon the plans and their duplicates with maddened lips and blazing eyes.

He laughed through grinding jaws as he tore them in pieces.

SIMPLE FEATS OF STRENGTH.

PRACTISE THEM, AND AMUSE YOUR FRIENDS.

The most suitable "strong tricks"—to use the quaint phrase of the Yankee entertainer—for a sitting-room are those which are performed with the fingers. Here is a not too easy one.

Take an ordinary walking-stick of an average weight, and place the ferrule end under the first joint of the index finger and the first joint of the third finger, so that the weight of the stick rests on the first joint of the middle finger. Holding the fingers straight, thrust the stick out to arm's length.

How to hold the Walking Stick.

Most men can do it with a light stick, but not many can manage it without practice with a heavy one. A friend of the writer, however, can do it with an ash-plant and a half-pound weight on the end of it.

Another good trick is performed with a big bottle with sloping shoulders; a champagne bottle is admirable, but a quart bottle, such as dinner ale is sold in, will do nearly as well, though it is not so heavy as a general rule.

The trick, which needs considerable strength of wrist and fingers, consists in holding the bottle at arm's length between forefinger and thumb at the top of the neck, and then working it up between the forefinger and thumb so that at last you are holding it by the bottom. It must be fairly done, the bottle must be held perpendicularly, and only one hand must be used. It is not, however, necessary to have your arm outstretched all the time, although to have it so adds distinctly to the difficulty and consequent enthusiastic reception of the feat when successfully performed.

Working up a bottle with finger and thumb.

Next take an ordinary wooden safety match, and see that it is without flaws. Place one end on the nail of your right forefinger and the other on that of your right third finger. Then, holding all your fingers stiff, try to break the match solely by the pressure downwards of your second finger.

Provided the match is properly poised on the nails of the underneath fingers, and that it is a sound one, this trick will tax even very strong-fingered men. It is easy if you bend your middle finger ever so slightly, but that is not allowed.

Breaking a match across the nails.

A variant of the last trick requires two matches, also sound ones. Holding one match horizontally between the thumb and second finger, you hold the second perpendicularly and consequently cross-wise against it between the forefinger and third finger. The horizontal match should be inside the other, *i.e.*, nearer the wrist. The trick is to push with one pair of fingers and pull with the two others with sufficient force to break one of the matches. Not only does this trick call for strong fingers, but distinctly deft ones as well.

Finally, a feat that needs perhaps less strength than ingenuity is to try to open an ordinary safety match-box, take out a match, strike it, blow it out, and replace it in the box and shut the latter, all with one hand. It is difficult, but it can be done.

In all finger tricks, as in most others where strength is required to be combined with dexterity, the most important thing is to keep cool. Once allow yourself to become flustered by a failure and the smiles that greet it, and you may say good-bye to all hopes of performing the trick successfully on that occasion.

The nerves have much to do with these tricks, and therefore it is essential for them to be steady.

Snapping one match against another.

G. B. BRATLEY.

COUNTRY COUSINS IN LONDON.

HOW THEY ARE VICTIMISED.

The country cousin is always with us in London, and it's a good thing for me and others of my kidney that he is, for without him our incomes would be sadly reduced.

I'm not going to make any bones about it—I'm a wrong 'un, a nut, a lad of the village. In other words, I live on my wits as a West-End crook, and I don't do badly out of it either, for I've got a good many dodges, some of which I don't mind setting down here, for the reason that the name I am using for the purpose of this article is *not* my own, as you can imagine.

My great gag is this. I always keep a spare five pounds, for a reason I'm going to explain. I never spend it. It's simply one of my properties. I carry it round with me on my tour of the more fashionable bars, and I spy out any obvious country cousins who look at all "stuffy." (You don't understand the word "stuffy"? It means possessed of stuff, dough, or money.)

MANACER AS BANKER.

Having found one, I approach the manager and request him to mind my five pounds till I ask for it back. Then I go and stand or sit next to my country cousin and start talking to him. This is easy. You have only got to knock his glass over, supposedly by accident, insist on replacing it, and then you offer him your card. I've got all sorts of cards, and I don't think there is a single dignity, military or civil, that I don't claim on one or other of them.

After a time I say that I'm going to the Empire or somewhere, and as I hate going by myself will my new-found friend give me the pleasure of his company? He generally does, for I am a plausible rascal. I then say I've left my cheque-book at home, but never mind, the "manager johnny" will lend me a fiver or so. I ask the manager to let me have a fiver, and he gives me my own back.

With an off-hand "Much obliged, landlord"—just as if I had every right to expect anyone whom I asked to oblige me with the loan of a fiver to do so—I leave the place with my pigeon.

This gives the country cousin an entirely unjustified confidence in me; and he generally falls a victim when, over a cigar and liqueur in the music-hall lounge, I suggest he should take some shares in a new rubber company Lord Dash and other friends of mine are starting. I give him particulars—all, of course, untrue—and ask him to make it a deal by giving me the mere flea-bite of a tenner on account. He does; and so artistically do I offer him a receipt that he refuses to give me the trouble of writing one. After that the poor fellow pines for a glimpse of me in vain.

SELLING A TICKET.

In a smaller way a pal of mine worked a pretty smart wheeze last summer. He was standing, very well dressed, against the bar of a well-known West-End lounge, when an obvious country cousin came in. My friend chummed up as only we know how to do it, and soon learned that the other was very anxious to see the Coronation procession in comfort, but could not afford an expensive seat. Ten shillings was his limit.

"I think I can get you one—only one—at that figure," said my friend, explaining that he knew a tradesman in the Haymarket who had a window to let cheap. He dashed out, borrowed a sheet of that tradesman's notepaper on some pretext or other, scrawled "Admit one on Coronation day" on it, added some hieroglyphic, and brought it back to the bar, saying he'd paid ten shillings for the pass. The country cousin tendered half a sovereign with much joy and a torrent of thanks and left.

I suppose he knows by now that the procession didn't pass along the Haymarket for one thing.

"NEMO."

ANOTHER BICYCLE AWARDED THIS WEEK.

HANDSOME AWARDS FOR THOSE TAKING PART IN OUR THIRD RECOMMENDATION SCHEME.

FIRST AWARD.—A high-grade bicycle, with all the latest improvements.

SECOND TO FOURTH AWARDS.—Three two-guinea courses in Physical Culture, by the well-known experts, Messrs. Maxick and Saldo.

FIFTH TO TENTH AWARDS. — Six high-class gramophones.

ELEVENTH TO SIXTEENTH AWARDS.—Six readers will have the free use of the services of the National Tailoring and Repairing Co., to the value of 3s. 6d.

SEVENTEENTH TO TWENTY-SECOND AWARDS.—Six of the new patent Unbay pipes.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to recommend, in the following way, THE MODERN MAN to someone who is not at present a buyer of it. Get him interested in the paper and pursuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the recommendation form which appears on page 490 and give it to you.

When your recommendation forms have been duly filled in, forward them to us along with your name and address, so as to reach us on or before the first post on Tuesday, Jan. 16.

Tie your coupons together, and attach to them the entry form appearing on this page. Address your envelope "3rd Recommendation," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of recommendation forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated Jan. 27 and published on Jan. 22.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of recommendation forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out the top of the list.

No employee of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

ENTRY FORM.

I attach the Recommendation Forms which I have collected, numbering .....
and I enter for the awards in connection with this scheme on the understanding that the Editor's decision is final and binding in all respects.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

STABLE VICES

HOW TO CURE HORSES OF BAD HABITS IN THEIR STALLS.

Biting is one of the most dangerous of stable vices, and very difficult to cure. Many horses show a playful and harmless tendency to snap their teeth while being groomed. This is because the brush is tickling them. Some grooms, with a mistaken sense of humour, deliberately encourage the horse to snap by tickling him under the arms, and in other sensitive places, with their fingers. This will often turn their playfulness into viciousness and make them confirmed and dangerous biters.

A remedy which is sometimes effective is to have a large piece of fat meat in readiness, and to thrust it into the horse's mouth when he turns round to bite. Horses hate the taste of fat, but not always sufficiently to make them give up snapping, and it is usually necessary to drop the idea of curing them, and to seek means to make the habit harmless to the man grooming them.

One of the best methods is to fix in the horse's mouth a thick wooden bit which will prevent his teeth from meeting. Another plan is to use a side stick, which is a short bar of wood fixed securely to the surcingle at one end and to the halter at the other. Though this allows the horse to move his head up and down, it prevents him from turning it sideways.

FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

Weaving is a strange habit which some horses acquire. It consists of a restless movement from side to side, the horse lifting first his near and then his off foreleg, and stretching his head from one side of his stall to the other, as if he were weaving cloth. This habit may be observed very frequently amongst wild animals in captivity, and it is one for which there is no known cure.

All that can be done is to give the horse a head-rope instead of a chain, the clanking of which annoys the other horses in the stable. It is well, also, to bed him with peat litter, which gives him a better footing than straw, and prevents him from falling as he moves about.

A horse which weaves will set a bad example to the other horses in the stable, and should be kept well apart from them. Horses learn this vice and most others by imitation.

FILLING HIMSELF WITH AIR.

Wind-sucking and crib-biting are troublesome stable vices to cure. The wind-sucker arches his neck, draws his head down to his chest, and fills himself with air; the crib-biter does the same thing, but grasps the manger with his teeth while swallowing wind.

One of the best cures is to have what is called a flute bit fitted to the headstall. This is a hollow bit with a number of holes in it, and when a horse has got one on, he cannot exert suction, because he cannot get his lips completely closed. The wind-sucker should always have the flute bit in his mouth except when he is being worked or fed; it must be inserted immediately his working bit is removed, and only taken out while he is actually eating.

A somewhat similar cure is to buckle a strap, covered with rubber, round the lower jaw just behind the tushes.

IN A LOOSE-BOX.

Crib-biting can be prevented by turning the horse into a loose-box with bare walls, and nothing for him to catch hold of with his teeth, or by putting a muzzle on him.

Yet another remedy for both wind-suckers and crib-biters is to fix tightly round the top of the neck a broad strap, to which is fixed a wooden gullet plate, in such a way that it presses into the gullet if the horse bends his head.

In spite of all these remedies, however, the crib-biter is likely to become a wind-sucker, and the wind-sucker will do his best to remain one.

Tearing the clothing is another bad habit, which however, can easily be prevented by fixing to the back strap of the headstall noseband a guard of sole leather. It must project a few inches beyond and below the lips, so that it intercepts the horse's teeth when he tries to bite his cover.

Gnawing the walls of the stable is another bad habit which can be cured fairly easily. Coat the part of the wall within reach of the horse's teeth with tar, and he will at once cease the practice.

Kicking is one of the most dangerous of stable vices. The difficulty in dealing with it is that what will cure one horse of the habit will only serve to make another kick the more; therefore, in trying the remedies about to be given, watch the horse closely, and if he kicks more viciously than before, discontinue the method you are trying, and experiment with another.

A heavy bag filled with sand may be slung from the roof of the stable in such a position that if the horse kicks it it will swing back automatically and land him one on the hind quarters.

Another device is to fix on each hind leg an ordinary leather shackle to which is attached a short length of chain. When the horse lashes out the links of the chain hit him on the leg, and frequently prove sufficient to induce him to stop.

MUST BE PROPERLY FIXED.

Kicking-blocks are favoured by some. They are made of rubber or wood in such a way that they fit exactly into the hollow of the heel, where they are kept in place by a strap. As they prevent the horse from bending his heel or raising his leg, they effectually stop him from kicking. The great drawback to kicking-blocks, however, is that they are very liable to slip out of position, when they not only fail to prevent the horse from kicking, but make him lash out all the harder.

Some horsekeepers believe in attaching bags of sand by means of shackles to the horse's legs, while others swear by the kicking-board, which is made of thick heavy wood and is hung on hinges behind the horse.

Yet another cure is to place furze at the end of the stall so that the horse hurts himself if he kicks it.

PLEASED WITH THE NOISE.

Frequently a kicker takes a delight in the noise he makes, and can be cured if the sides of his stall are padded with straw, kept in place by sacking tacked over it. When the horse kicks and produces no sound, he will frequently drop the habit.

Some nervous horses kick only in the dark, and will be perfectly quiet if a light is left burning in the stable, though this is always a somewhat risky proceeding because of the danger of fire. If the experiment is tried, care must be taken that the lamp is securely fixed well out of reach of the horse's heels, and in such a way that it cannot be knocked down by rats.

WM. MORGAN.

PARCEL-POST TIPS.

No parcel should ever be sent off with its destination written only on a label which is merely affixed to the parcel by thin and easily disengaged string. As well as the address on the label, the wrapper of the parcel should also bear the address, and, as a matter of treble precaution, a duplicate label should be enclosed in the parcel.

Moreover, no parcel should be given into the hands of the postal authorities without the name and address of the sender outside or inside.

It is amazing the number of people who never think of indicating the name and address of the sender of a parcel. They would never send a letter without these data.

PATH-PRACTICE FOR SPRINTING.

Many a man is capable of a high rate of speed, but can't "pull himself out," as trainers say. He sprints like a hare to overtake a motor 'bus; but when he is practising on the track he can't get up speed.

What he should do is to give another man a few yards start in a hundred, and catch him up as quickly as possible. This is the only way to "pull oneself out."

Many sprinters, by the way, get stale because they go on practising bursts of speed till they are jaded. As soon as you find yourself "getting off your toes," or, in other words, that your heels are beginning to touch the ground as you run, leave off at once.

If you have no friend to "start" you, here is a useful tip. As you stand on the line, have a stone in your hand, and fling it fairly high over your shoulder. Then dash off the instant you hear it fall to the ground.

Skating Style

THE ENGLISH WAY IS BEST FOR ENGLAND.

So far as speed and distance skating is concerned, the world's principal styles are the English, American, Norwegian, Swedish, and Dutch; the American, Norwegian, and Swedish methods are very much the same.

The Fens are the home of English skating, and when we talk of English skating style we practically mean the Fen style, of which old "Turkey" (William) Smart was the great exponent.

The chief characteristics of the Fen style are, first, that the body is never, if possible, allowed to leave the centre line, whereas in other styles, particularly the American, it rolls markedly from side to side. The Fen skater carries his arms in front of him, and uses them to assist him in skating straight, throwing them out to the left if striking to the right and *vice versâ*.

ORIGIN OF THE FEN STYLE.

The Fen style is due to the fact that the young Fenman learns to skate in narrow ditches, which necessitate his keeping a straight course.

The Fenman uses a short-toed skate, and his average stroke is ten yards, though "Turkey" Smart often skated from fifteen to twenty-two yards at a stroke.

American, Norwegian, and Swedish skaters usually keep the arms locked behind the back, and use skates long in the heel and toe, with thin blades, which would be of no use on the rough ice of the Fens. The stroke is longer than the Fenman's, and, as already remarked, the body does not keep to the centre line.

You can always tell the skater in this style by the fact that he raises the disengaged heel high in the air, twisting the skate so as to bring the toe inwards.

WHY THEY LIFT THEIR HEELS.

There is no particular merit in this trick or habit, which arises out of the necessity when using long-toed skates of keeping the disengaged foot clear of the ice. Indeed this is a disadvantage, for over a long distance the continual raising of the foot high in the air must mean loss of energy, but the upraised heel is characteristic of the American, Norwegian, and Swedish styles.

Dutch skaters are divided into two classes—those of Friesland and those of South Holland.

The Frieslander is the world's champion sprinter on skates, for up to about two hundred yards he is unequalled. He uses a short-heeled skate with a very long curved toe, and his stroke is a short one, often no more than three yards. This means very rapid striking, and a Frieslander champion will do one hundred and sixty strokes of three or four yards each a minute, though, of course, he cannot keep this up for long. A hundred strokes a minute is good going over a mile, and to skate a mile in three minutes a man must cover over five yards every stroke.

THE "DUTCH ROLL."

The South Holland style is what we know as the "Dutch Roll," and is perhaps ideal for pleasure or long-distance skating, where speed is not the main consideration.

The South Hollander uses slightly curved blades, and swings from side to side in easy, graceful curves, riding on the outside edge, with the body well inclined from the perpendicular.

The Dutch Roller puts off striking till the last moment and then makes a short, quick stroke back, throwing himself on the outside edge of the other skate. One of the sights of Holland in winter is to see the Dutch soldiers being drilled on skates, or skating to or from parade.

Skaters who have enjoyed the sport abroad naturally like to show us the foreign styles when our ponds freeze, but we need not try to imitate them.

For skating in England, Fen skates and the Fen style are undoubtedly the best, and I need hardly say that for speed-skating wooden skates screwing into the heels are infinitely superior to Acmes or any other kind of self-fastening skate.

ARTHUR C. GEAR.

MY NOTEBOOK.

POLITICS. A Belfast reader desires me to print what he describes as a "stinging article against Home Rule." I do not see my way to do so. I have received letters from other Irish readers, who have mentioned that they are keenly in favour of Home Rule.

It seems to me that the editors of and the contributors to such papers as deal with politics are apt to lose sight of the fact that all parties are working in their own way for what they honestly believe to be the welfare of the nation, and therefore I think that one should respect the opinions of one's political adversaries. Certainly the objectionable personalities that are sometimes indulged in by political writers are to be condemned.

The worst that can befall a country is when its people lose interest in its welfare, when they do not care what laws are made or what men are in power. That we do not suffer from any such indifference is a sign of our national vigour and well-being. That our opinions may frequently clash with those of our neighbour is inevitable, but our neighbour is entitled to his beliefs.

My own personal sympathies, so far as voting is concerned, are on the side of the party which I consider most likely to benefit the trade of the country, for the prosperity of the country affects the development of my own business, but at the same time I should not dream of classing the other side as fools, and I should certainly not consider them rogues.

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT. We print on page 504, amongst the testimonials received from readers, an interesting letter from an enterprising correspondent in Bradford.

It appears that he has found a profitable market for our fountain pens amongst his fellow-workers, and the percentage he is making by the sale should certainly satisfy him.

Although our fountain pens are primarily intended for the use of our readers, we have no objection to our readers selling them to other people at a higher price, so long as the conditions are complied with, and the copies from which coupons are taken are distributed, to advertise the paper.

THE TAXI-CABBY. "You would be surprised if you knew," says a Bayswater reader, in the course of his letter, "how many of us taxi-cab drivers read your paper. You print more about horses than motors, but all the same we find plenty to interest us. Could you not say a good word for the taxi-cab man? The effect of the strike which is now almost forgotten has been strong upon the minds of the public, and they now think us little better than brigands, because we objected to the owners' conditions as to handing over extras. Believe me, the taxi-cab driver is not half a bad chap."

I have no difficulty in believing it; in fact, I can confirm it from my own experience. The London taxi-cab driver has always had my respect, because he is sharp and knows his business. Moreover, he is in control of an intricate and powerful engine, and machinery, although I have never had much to do with it personally, has always fascinated me.

I like the taxi-cabby, too, because he is, on the whole, much cleaner and smarter in his appearance than the drivers of horse-cabs. The average coachman—and one may say the average horsey man in general—takes considerable pride in his appearance, but the cab-driver is an exception. The days of "Gentleman Joe" are long since past, and the horse cab-driver of the present time is usually dirty of face, unshorn, and with a strong smell of stale beer.

Some of the taxi-drivers are nearly as bad, but not many, and these few are, I take it, the converted horse-cabbies.

My own opinion, however, cannot carry as much weight as that of the Rev. John Darlington, Vicar of Kennington, who has for some years past had a weekly meeting for taxi-cab drivers, and has made friends with a large number of the men. He has definitely stated that he has never found a single case of insobriety amongst them, and has pointed out that their honesty is proved by the thousands of pounds worth of lost property which is found by the drivers in their cabs, and returned by them without delay to Scotland Yard.

Now I trust my Bayswater friend will be happy.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A TRUE TALE OF THE EAST.

SAVED FROM A HAREM

By
FRANK SCUDAMORE.

The glorious spring day was drawing to a close, and the narrow river known as the "Sweet Waters of Asia" was dotted with gay craft filled with happy pleasure-seekers. Slim caiques were there low-lying in the stream, and barkas with bright-coloured awnings, and filled with Oriental or European ladies, and as boats moved lazily on the stream, friendly greetings were exchanged between East and West, the thread of talk being broken from time to time by the passage of a racing skiff propelled by lusty English arms.

On either bank beneath the wooded and flower-grown hills were hundreds of strollers, groups of Turks in gorgeous holiday dress, walking four or five abreast with little fingers linked, a few English ladies with their husbands, and knots of native peasant women wearing the old-fashioned yashmak and gaudy feradjeh.

Now and again a carriage drew up where the path was widest, and from it stepped a party of Turkish ladies to stroll awhile before returning to their splendid prison. The presence of these silent, demure, nun-like figures, veiled and draped in the sombre black which is the outdoor costume enjoined on them, cast a note of sadness over this animated scene.

So at least thought Rupert Arkwright as he sat beside a little table beneath a plane tree on a wide lawn, and sipped the mastic and tasted the olives brought him by the obsequious cafédji. He had got somehow separated from his party. His host and his wife had stopped to speak with some humble ex-retainer, and their pretty sister had seemed so engaged in talk with her escort, a young naval officer from the British guardship, that, remembering the adage as to the number that made company, he had left them to themselves.

Seated here, however, he had hardly missed his companions. Little children were flitting to and fro like butterflies; musicians were thrumming zither and mandoline beneath the trees; at the ricketty boat-stairs merry parties were landing or embarking; and gliding to and fro amid the groups, the lemonade seller, the ice-cream merchant, and the vendors of pea-nuts and almond cakes, proffered their wares and prospered mightily.

And then had drifted across his vision this little band of black-gowned Turkish ladies, their faces hidden by thick, black veils of figured gauze, and only the daintiness of their gloved hands, and the neatness of their shoes making it possible to believe that delicate and beautiful women might be hidden within these shapeless shrouds.

The party had passed and repassed Arkwright several times before he noticed that as she passed one of the ladies seemed to turn her head towards him. She was walking somewhat in the rear of her companions, leading a little Turkish boy, dressed, as is a fancy of the Turks, in a general's full uniform and decorations, facsimile, doubtless, of his father's costume. Some difficulty with his tiny sword caused Arkwright to glance at the child a second time.

The lady's head had, however, been turned in his direction several times before it occurred to him, being a modest fellow, that her glance was intentional. On the fourth occasion, as the party strolled by, the lady lagged still further behind her companions, and when near Arkwright she bade the boy run forward. Then, after a hurried glance around her, she dropped a little ball of paper on the grass, and, again looking towards Arkwright, pointed to it with her parasol. This done, she rejoined her friends and held them in talk awhile at the far side of the lawn.

Arkwright was neither a fool nor a fop. He did not for a moment imagine himself the hero of an Oriental intrigue. Perhaps the unknown hanoum merely meant to laugh at him with her friends; but when at length the Turkish party had moved away, he rose and, adroitly dropping his stick at the spot, picked up the paper ball.

When he unfolded it later, this is what he read:

"I do not know when and to whom I shall convey this note. I am hoping to get it into an Englishman's hands. I am an English girl employed as governess in Jambaz Bey's household, but in reality I am a prisoner. Since my arrival here I have been allowed no communication with the outside world. I am in the gravest danger, and I dread even to eat lest I should be drugged. I implore you to help me. We visit the Sweet Waters every Friday evening. If I see you on Friday next, after you get this, I will drop my handkerchief that you may know it is me.

"Sybil Nugent."

With this cheerful document in his pocket, Arkwright walked home pondering deeply.

* * * * *

"Well, Rupert, my squire of dames," said his host late that night, "what has come to you? You have been as dull as ditchwater all the evening."

The ladies had retired, and the two friends were seated in Carrington's pleasant smoking-room, whose windows overhung the rippling Bosphorus.

"Read that, Paul," was Arkwright's reply, "and tell me if you fancy it a hoax. For myself I cannot quite think so."

Carrington read the note twice before he looked up and spoke. His voice was grave.

"I'm afraid," he said, "there is no humbug here. Jambaz Bey's name is against him, and there is an ugly story about him concerning another English governess engaged by him some years ago. Like this unfortunate girl" —he tapped the note—"she sought her freedom, and somehow the British Consular authorities got wind of her position and tried to intervene, with disastrous results. In reply to official inquiries, Jambaz averred that there was no English lady in his household, and invited the fullest investigation. What happened to the poor girl is not known, but she was never seen or heard of afterwards."

"The Bosphorus?" queried Rupert.

His friend nodded.

"This English governess question," he said, "has long been a thorn in the sides of British ambassadors and of the Turkish Government. It is not far removed from the white slave question, which constantly crops up at home. The Sultan himself is powerless in the matter. At this moment I make no doubt that there are some scores of English girls here and in other big Turkish towns, living the cloistered life of the harem. They are not all ill-treated or unhappy, but assuredly very few will ever return to England."

"Well," said Arkwright, "I shall make it my business to give Miss Nugent the opportunity of doing so at an early date."

"Right you are, old chap," said Carrington, earnestly, "and you can count on me for help. I'm with you all the time."

* * * * * *

The following Friday found the two friends seated once more at Gauko's little table at the head of the Sweet Waters; nor were they alone. They had enlisted the services of a young English Bimbashi, come up on leave from Egypt, while Mrs. Carrington had been induced to impart by her presence the requisite air of respectability to the proceedings.

It was Mrs. Carrington, indeed, who retrieved the missive dropped by the veiled unknown, and the friends read it eagerly under cover of a bundle of home newspapers, with which Carrington was equipped.

"We go to town," wrote Miss Nugent, "on Tuesday next, by the steamer that leaves the pier at half-past three, Turkish time. I do not know what will happen afterwards, but there is talk that we start for Broussa immediately."

"Well," commented Carrington, "if we are to do anything at all, it must be done before or on Tuesday, for should she once go to Broussa heaven help her! Any attempt on our part to abduct her would probably be the signal for a general massacre of Christians in the town."

"Poor thing, poor thing!" said Mrs. Carrington. "Can we do nothing for her? Must we leave her to her fate?"

"Certainly not," said the Bimbashi. "I have it," he added, brightly. "Arkwright, you pencil off another note; go up amongst the trees and do it. Tell her that on Tuesday morning we'll be alongside that steamer, with a steam-launch and a three-pair skiff, and that we'll never leave her from the pier to Kara Keni Bridge. Tell her to put on English walking-dress under her Turkish draperies, and say that she must seize

an opportunity, preferably when stopping at a pier, to jump overboard. Say we'll do the rest, and that she must not be frightened, for we won't let her drown.

"There," he said to the Carringtons, after Rupert had gone, "it's a pretty tall order, and no doubt the girl will be scared out of her wits; but what else can we do?"

The note was duly written, and conveyed to its destined reader, who was able by a gesture to proclaim later her acquiescence in the plan.

* * * * * *

Steamer No. 32, with Captain Darielonpolo on the bridge, and a brass-lunged miscreant with a fog horn in the bows, zigzagged her way down the Bosphorus, crossing and re-crossing from pier to pier on either shore. She was a slow-going boat, and therefore carried comparatively few passengers, the most of them being Turkish ladies, who fairly filled the side cabins and the wide deck space curtained off for their accommodation.

The port wheel cabin, however, remained locked and empty until —— Pier was reached, when the party of Turkish ladies with the little boy officer whom we have met at the Sweet Waters came on board, accompanied by a large number of male and female servants. They made direct for the cabin, the door of which was flung open to them by a waiting steward, and after a final frantic whistle to hurry belated passengers, if any, No. 32 was about to cast off her hawser from the bollards when of a sudden there arose from the harem deck such an appalling outcry, so frenzied a commingling of screams, shrieks, yells, oaths, and curses as had never been heard on a Bosphorus steamer before or since.

Folks began to race along the quay, boats approached across the shiny waters, and a steam launch—on board of which was Mustapha Cavass, resplendent in the livery of the British Embassy—together with a three-pair outrigged skiff from the Kadi Kini Rowing Club, manned by three muscular young men and with an unsuspected Bimbashi of the Egyptian Army holding the lines, drew near with the other astonished folks.

In the midst of the turmoil a slight figure, over whose tailor-made gown was a native tcharchaff already much torn, was seen to break away from many restraining hands and to hurl itself from the gangway by the port paddle-box cabin full into the blue Bosphorus water.

A rescue, however, was instantly effected. From the steam launch leaped a British bluejacket, while Arkwright, whose sculls were already shipped, sprang at the same instant from the skiff and almost swamped it in so doing; and all the time Captain Darielonpolo from the bridge maintained a steady stream of "language," or rather languages, while the fog horn man in the bows vociferated to all and sundry to keep clear.

In almost less time than it needs to narrate it, the launch with the rescued stranger on board, looking from beneath heaped rugs and boat cloaks pale, moist, and dishevelled, but strangely content, had sheered out into mid-stream and there lay motionless.

This, of course, was subtle strategy, for in less than no time two Turkish police boats were alongside, and to their urbane but bewildered officers Mustapha Cavass explained the accident as he had seen it, what time Arkwright, the bluejacket, and the skiff's crew were toasting each other in approved fashion.

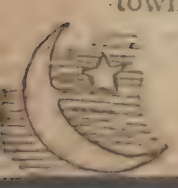
"Of course," said Mustapha, "the whole matter was an accident, which might, it is true, have been disastrous, but as it was, all was for the best. The young English lady had been on a visit to some Turkish friends—a most honourable family—but it must be supposed that as she crossed the deck of No. 32 with them towards the side cabin her foot had caught in a hawser, and owing to the pressure of the Turkish ladies crowding behind her and a sudden lurch of the vessel, she had lost her balance and fallen into the water.

"Would the Tchaoush of Police be so kind as to convey to the 'famiglia' of Jambaz Bey, who had been her hosts, that she found herself none the worse for her immersion, but did not feel strong enough to return to their kind care."

At the name of Jambaz Bey the policemen's eyes sought each other, and when the Tchaoush sought the cabin on the port side, whence, by the way, not a sound had issued since the rescue, he found the door locked from within, and was fain to deliver his message, with additions of his own, through the keyhole.

In Turkey the "fait accompli" always carries the day.

But the friends of Jambaz Bey were distressed a few days later to learn of his exile, alone and under escort, to a remote township in the Hedzaz, than which no known locality could be more abhorrent to a comfortable and pleasure-loving Turk.



LONDON CAMEOS.

XIII. TRIUMPH.

Two men, dressed like navvies, slouch along a London street at about two o'clock in the morning. They are silent men. They appear to have the street to themselves.

But presently, turning a corner, they come upon a man walking slowly along in the shadow cast by the shops. He has a parcel under his arm; his back is turned towards them.

They lengthen their strides, and he turns as he hears their approach.

It would be useless to run: no one knows it better than he.

"'Turn out your pockets," orders the foremost of the two navvies.

"There's nothing in 'em."

"Turn 'em out!"

"Well, see for yerself, then"; and the vagrant holds up his elbows and allows expert hands to go all over his rags.

"What's in that parcel?"

Obvious hesitation. A movement as though to put it behind him.

"Bread and meat," he mutters. "Somebody give it me."

"Let's see."

"See for yerself, then."

The vagrant smiled, ever so faintly, as the parcel was opened and found to contain what he had asserted. Had it contained a jemmy, perhaps, or some silver teaspoons, the result of the interview might have been different.

"All right," said one of the disguised police-constables, handing him back the parcel.

But the vagrant refused to take it; he triumphantly shook his head.

"You do it up first," he commanded, "same as it was afore you opened it. *That's* the law—as you know as well as I do. *T-h-a-n-k-s. Bong swa!*" G. A.

OVER THE ROPES.

CURRENT NOTES OF THE BOXING WORLD.

One of the most disappointing contests that have been seen for a long time took place at the Ring, Blackfriars Road, last Monday night, when Fred Storbeck, who was recently beaten at the National Sporting Club by Bombardier Wells, met Frank Moran, the hard-hitting American heavyweight.

The contest was to have been decided over twenty rounds, but the end came at the conclusion of the seventh, Storbeck, who was undoubtedly leading on points, being disqualified for striking his opponent after the gong had sounded.

Some more or less generous critics insist that Storbeck did not hear the gong owing to the vociferous cheering of the spectators; but this is hard to credit in view of the actual facts. Moran evidently heard the gong, for he immediately turned and went to his corner. Moreover, seeing Storbeck still advancing, Moran's seconds jumped up in a body and waved him back; but this did not stop the South African, who planted a hard left and right on his unsuspecting adversary. The only possible inference is that Storbeck is totally lacking in that self-control which every boxer should possess.

There is some talk of a meeting between Jack Johnson and Sam McVea, the big black boxer whom Johnson has declared to hold the best chance of any man in the world of beating him. If rumour for once speaks truly (a very infrequent happening, be it said, where Massa Johnson is concerned), the men will meet at Sydney on Easter Monday.

The superiority of science over mere muscle was once again demonstrated at last Monday's matinée at the Ring, during a bout between Johnny Walters, a young featherweight from Pontypool, and Eugène Trickri, of France. The Welshman had a slightly longer reach, and made full use of it, propping up the bull-like Trickri with delightfully cool lefts to the face. The Frenchman had, in fact, little to recommend him except pluck; for he rushed from start to finish and invariably had the worst of things.

By no means dismayed by the whacking he received on December 22 last from "One Round" Hogan, Battling Nelson has just met Jack Redmond at New Orleans, and beaten him badly in a twenty-rounds contest. Whatever his detractors may say, it looks as though the "Battler" was quite capable of "coming back."

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

Life as a Football Referee

THE SPORTING AND THE MONEY SIDES OF THE OCCUPATION.

The man who takes up refereeing—professional football refereeing, that is—without a very real enthusiasm for the game is not likely to hold the whistle long.

There are many drawbacks to and discomforts in the referee's life, and not many compensations.

As a livelihood, refereeing is scarcely worth consideration, though I am not saying that it should be. The fees payable to League referees are as follows: For a journey up to 80 miles, £1 1s.; over 80 miles, £1 11s. 6d.

The referee gets his third-class railway fare, and if he is able to show that it was impossible for him to reach the ground or return home by travelling on the day of the match he may be allowed 10s. 6d. a night to cover his hotel expenses.

A DAY LOST.

In the event of a match being postponed and no gate money taken, the "ref." gets his railway fare and half fee, a rule which may sometimes be rough on a man who has had to travel a long distance and lose a whole day or more.

A referee will be lucky if he gets thirty first-class matches in the season—some never get more than two or three—so that the financial rewards are not great, and practically every referee follows some other occupation.

I myself am a railway man, and while my employers are very good in the way of letting me off, I have naturally to submit to a slight reduction in my salary.

The travelling is wearisome. I live in the Midlands, which means that I often have either to travel all night or to leave home in the small hours of Saturday morning, getting home with the milk on Sunday morning.

The system of appointing referees is unsatisfactory. It means that we are supposed to be the impartial critics of clubs who are virtually our employers.

HOW REFEREES ARE SELECTED.

There are thirty referees on the League list. These are selected by the votes of the League clubs, each club having the right to vote for not more than thirty referees, the first thirty receiving the highest number of votes constituting the final list.

It is clear that if a referee reports a club to the Football Association, that club is not very likely to vote for him at the next meeting.

I should like to see the selection of referees taken away from the clubs and placed in the hands of an independent committee.

True, the appointment of referees to matches is in the hands of the Management Committee of the League, but these gentlemen are all directly associated with clubs on which the referee may have to make an adverse report.

I don't make any imputation against the impartiality of these gentlemen, but the system is wrong in principle, and does not make for independent referees.

TOUTING FOR MATCHES.

Also, I think that once a man gets on the list he should be guaranteed a certain number of matches a season. At present he is entirely in the hands of the Management Committee, and this leads to touting and other undesirable practices.

The "ref.'s" work does not grow easier with the passing years. In the early days of League football the game was watched chiefly by experts, who thoroughly understood the points of the game. They might sometimes lose their tempers and mob a bad referee, but there was little of the senseless referee-baiting that is so prevalent now.

You see, football is watched by an increasing number of people who have never played the game, don't know the rules, and go solely for the excitement. These are the people who are most persistent in shouting "ref.," "ref.," and challenging practically any decision against their own side.

Of course, the shouting is often no more than a confused medley of sounds to you, but sometimes you can single out the offenders. Last year I caught two in the persons of two small boys, who were apparently seven or eight years of age. They were maintaining a steady squeal of "ref.," "ref.," and wanting to know where my eyes were.

DIRTY PLAY.

While brutal play has decreased, dirty play, such as kneeing, back-heeling, and elbowing, has certainly increased, and is a great worry to the referee, for its detection is often difficult, the offender usually contriving to get on your "blind side" when about to try one of his little games.

What troubles the referee in such cases is the knowledge that in punishing the culprit he may be missing the real offenders—namely, directors who practically encourage their men not to play the game, just as for the sake of a few sixpences they fail to take proper measures to repress the hooligan element among their spectators.

Naturally enough, the referee sees more of the game than the ordinary spectator. He perceives delicate touches and manœuvres which are lost on the shouting crowd. He gets, so to speak, inside the skin of the game and players. The varying fortunes, the ebb and flow of the game, are far more apparent to him than to the spectators, and he can often tell just at which point a game was lost or won. All this is interesting to the man who is keen on the science of football.

TROUBLE FOR THE "REF."

Occasionally the "ref." may find things a trifle too exciting from a personal point of view, as, for example, when he is surrounded by a howling mob, though I myself have never had that experience—touch wood!

Still, brother referees, who have had to escape through back windows and so on, tell me that such experiences are rather exhilarating to look back on.

On the whole, there are more kicks than ha'pence in refereeing, and none but an enthusiast should dream of going in for it.

"HALF-TIME."

FROM THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

CANDID CRITICISM OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

There has been an extraordinary absence among the big league clubs of the fluctuations of form which usually result from the increased number of matches which they have to play during the holiday season.

Newcastle United are, as I write, still at the head of the First Division of the English League, and in a strong position, too, by virtue of a great victory on their own ground against Bolton Wanderers. The score was five goals to two, and Hibbert, who was responsible for no fewer than three of the United's points, was in splendid form. He scored two goals, the third and fourth to wit, within a minute or so of each other. He was, unfortunately, injured just before the end of the game, and had to leave the field.

As the result of a 1—0 defeat on their own ground by Everton, the Tottenham Hotspurs have dropped down to the tenth place on the First League table, and Woolwich Arsenal, whom Liverpool beat at Liverpool, by 4—1, are five places lower than the 'Spurs. Temporarily, Southern football, as far as Division I. is concerned, is under a cloud.

Thanks to Whittingham, who is in good form just now, Chelsea scratched a win by 1—0 against Stockport County, at Stockport, and are thus lying fourth on the Second League table, behind Derby County, Burnley, and Hull City, respectively. To use a racing phrase, there's hardly a neck between any of them, so we are bound to have some excitement soon.

In the Southern League, before ten thousand spectators, West Ham United went down before the Crystal Palace at Upton Park, by the very big total of six goals to one; but it could not be called a disgrace for the homesters, because the Crystal Palace forwards were simply splendid, and the visiting defenders were clearly the masters of the West Ham attack. In a word, the United were up against an overstrong proposition.

Another big-scoring match in the Southern League was at Swindon, where the home side beat Leyton by six goals to two. Swindon are at present firmly entrenched at the head of the Southern League table.

G. K.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

STRENGTH AND APPEARANCE.

PLENTY OF MUSCLE IMPROVES A MAN'S LOOKS.

A correspondent—I cannot yet call him a student of Physical Culture, though I hope to do so soon—makes an inquiry, the answer to which may be applicable to other readers of this page.

"I do not find it necessary to take up Physical Culture for health reasons," he says, "as the walking I get each day keeps me sufficiently fit. The only thing which would induce me to go in for Physical Culture would be your assurance that it would improve my appearance in ordinary daily life with my clothes on. I should have no pride in having large muscles, because nobody sees me naked, and I should hate to have a photograph taken that way."

I can give him the assurance which he requires, and I hope that thereby I shall be enrolling yet another disciple of Physical Culture, for many a man has taken up the study ardently for just such reasons as this correspondent. A man has as much right to be vain about his muscles as a woman has to be proud of her complexion.

The question raised here, however, is whether muscular development improves a man's appearance. Certainly it does. Muscle is needed for the correct and graceful carriage of the body; and even though the muscles are hidden by the clothes, the effect which they exercise on the general bearing can be observed by anyone.

So far as the face is concerned, this is undoubtedly strengthened by the development of the muscles. The facial muscles are difficult to develop, but those of the neck and jaw rapidly grow in sympathy with the development of the other muscles of the body. The result is what is generally described as a strong face.

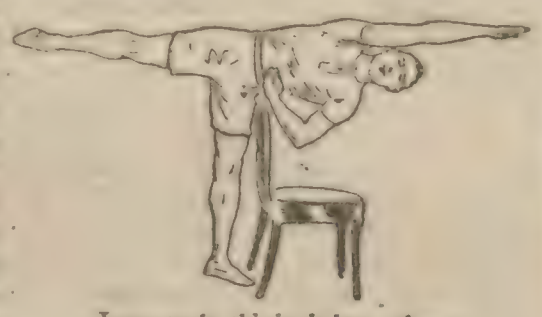
Moreover, a man's confidence in his muscular strength gives him a calmness and confidence of expression which is admired by everyone.

The principal reason why men go in for Physical Culture is in order to benefit their health, but unquestionably in doing so they benefit their appearance as well.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

A FAIRLY STIFF EXERCISE.

(1) Stand at attention, with your left leg against the back of a chair. You are not intended to lean upon the chair; it is only for the purpose of keeping you steady, and the better you learn to perform this exercise by balance, the more good will it do you.



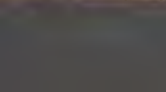
Learn to do this by balance alone.

(2) Place the left hand upon the hip and raise the right hand as high as possible above the head. Then incline the body to the left and at the same time raise the right leg from the ground, keeping it in a straight line with the body and the right arm as shown in the illustration. After a little practice you will be able to get the body almost into a horizontal position.

(3) Slowly resume the starting position, and repeat the exercise four or five times.

The chair used should be a heavy one, so that it will not slip in case of accident.

This exercise is very good for the abdominal muscles, and, besides being useful to the athlete, it will prove invaluable to those who suffer from constipation.



PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

A. J. K. (Campbeltown).—(1) The nourishment which you take between the two races should be of a light and easily digestible character. Most athletes have their own special fancies in this respect, some swearing by raw eggs well beaten up, while others prefer beef-tea. (2) Spend the day before the race in resting as much as possible.

"CULTURE" (Luton). — The measurements given are very good indeed, except the arms, which could well stand a little more muscle.

F. H. A. (Rochdale).—Three or four of the exercises which have been given on this page should be practised every morning and evening. Our purpose in describing so many different exercises is to keep the student's interest alive by constant change. Even the enthusiast would get tired of his exercises if he had no variety.

H. W. Y. (Manchester).—A good exercise for the inside of the thighs is the one which I have frequently recommended for those taking up horse-riding. Stand with the hands on the hips, and lower the body up and down by bending the knees forward and outwards.

D. B. (Devonshire).—The measurements are fairly good for your age, but you must get your chest considerably larger than it is.

J. J. R. (Oldham).—There are many books on boxing, Donnelly's being one of the best. My advice to you, however, is to go to a good teacher, to confess your ignorance of the pugilistic art, and to get him to teach you from the beginning. It is better than learning from books.

F. D. J. (Belfast).—Measurements very good for age and height. Regarding the age at which smoking may be started, much depends on whether the person concerned spends his time in the open air or indoors, but as a general rule it is best for a youngster not to smoke till the hair on his upper lip is a bit more than fluff.

T. A. (Sittingbourne).—You are suffering from overstrain. Take things easy till the pain disappears; then start a good system of Physical Culture.

F. L. (Newton Abbott).—Disc bar-bells are by far the most convenient, as their weight can easily be altered.

FREE! COMPLETE COURSES of PHYSICAL CULTURE

To the first 1,000 applicants I will present a free Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture. It is complete in itself, requires no apparatus, and yet will develop your strength and physique to a high degree of perfection. By my system you can increase Biceps and Calf 1 to 2 ins., Chest 1 to 3 ins., Height 1 to 2 ins., Weight 7lbs., &c., in one month.

MY FREE OFFER.—(1) A Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture as explained above; (2) A copy of my latest book—"The Use and Abuse of Exercise"—published at 1s. All I ask you to do is to enclose **6d.** Postal Order to help to defray cost of postage, packing, &c.

Apply NOW, the Free Courses may be all gone by to-morrow.

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Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M6),
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ARE YOU SHORT?

The **VERTEBRA** method of increasing height is scientific and original and is based on natural laws. It **stands alone** as a new departure in physical science. **You** may be taller. I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every person at least to write me. There is no excuse for not so doing as full particulars will be sent by return free.
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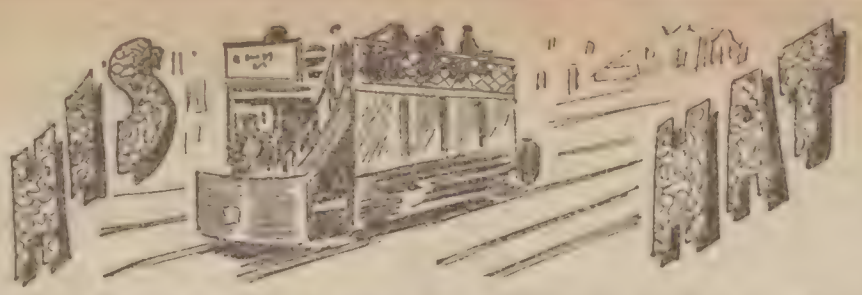
BOXING, JUJITSU, WRESTLING, WEIGHT-LIFTING, BALL-PUNCHING, CLUB-SWINGING, and all the best exercises taught privately, in classes, or club at moderate terms. SCIENTIFIC and CAREFUL TUITION given personally only by the famous **Professor VERNON SMITH,** trainer of Tarro Miake (Japanese Champion Jujitsu Wrestler), Raku Uyenishi (Instructor, Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot), Koch (Champion German Wrestler), &c. Police, Territorials, &c.
Call evenings, or send stamp for illus. book and terms. Outfits supplied at cost price. Special Private Lessons, can be arranged at the Professor's private residence at Chiswick.

THE STORY OF A TRAM-CONDUCTOR.

By ROBERT OVERTON.



He was the affablest gent as used my car, sir. He was a regular, and *so* regular in his habits that he very seldom missed my particular car in a-going up in the morning or coming back in the evening.

That very seat next the door where you're sitting was his favourite, and he always seemed a bit put out when he couldn't get it. Him being free-and-easy, and me being rather loqwackshus (though not often having the chance, now that cars is fuller and inspectors is spitefuller), we always passed the time of day or the state of the weather, and we come to falling into talk frequent and frequenter.

He had a nice, kind, father-of-a-family look about him, had this middle-aged gent I'm telling you about—not so nimble as he used to be, and rather running to flesh—a bit full-blown, as you might say; but always up to the knocker in his dress, especially as regards his hats. He never wore anything but a silk topper of the latest style.

You see that hat shop at the corner across the way, sir? That's where he bought 'em—at least, that's where he bought the one he give me, because the bloke's name was inside it. Natural, a high hat isn't of much use to a chap like me, and it stands to reason that in the ordinary way he'd never have thought of making me a present of one of his. In fact, he didn't so much give it me as tell me to keep it after I'd got it.

Forgetting, I suppose, that he was a few years older, and a few stone heavier than when he could do such things easy, he nipped off the car one rainy night at the end of his road before it stopped and come a cropper. He rolled one way—and his hat another. He picked himself up, and I picked up his tile. Both looked a bit worse for the tumble, both having fell into the wet—and besides being muddy, he seemed muddled and shook up by the shock.

People was looking at him, some a-giggling, and he evidently wanted to get out of it quick. When I offered him his hat it was all dripping and dirty, and he says, hasty, "Oh, keep it, keep it—my house isn't far down the road," ups with his gamp and walks off.

Next morning—with another topper on that looked as good as new—he says again, "Oh, keep it"—like as though he didn't want to be reminded of the accident—"do what you like with it, Purkinson."

If you'd like to hear what that hat led to, sir, I shall be down again directly.

Oh, yes, he knew my name right enough—P. P. he used to call me, being short for Peter Purkinson. How he come to know my name was like this. One evening he didn't go home at his usual time, but boarded us for our last journey. When he got out he left a parcel behind him, and I found it—it had fell under the seat—and give it back to him next morning, without reporting it.

What was in it I haven't any idea—as far as the feel went, it might have been almost anything. I own up that from such a very affable gent I thought there might be a tip a-hanging to my honesty, but he didn't give me anything except a "thank you"—that hat afterwards hadn't anything to do with it, for you can't call a hat a tip.

I remember that it was the evening of the same day that he asked me: "What's your name, conductor?"

"Purkinson," I replies—rather wondering what he wanted to know for.

"Not christened Purkinson?" he smiles.

"No, sir—my watery name is Peter," says I.

"Peter Purkinson—good. How do you spell Purkinson?" he asks; and I told him with a u.

Sometimes I have a notion that when he come that cropper off this car he may have hurt himself in some way as he didn't suspect. Whether or no, I noticed that soon after he fell off he began to fall off. That sounds a rummy way to put it, but I don't mean no joke. What I do mean is that he began to fall off in his looks of health and strength. It was gradual, but distinct, and he told me of pains that he said he'd never suffered from before.

By and by he took to not going to town so regular, and at last I heard he was laid up. While he was laid up a fire broke out in his house one night—that's it, sir, a few doors up that road, on the left. It was put out before much damage had been done; but I've been told since that, him being so ill at the time, it was the fright and the upset that did him in. I saw the funeral starting as we passed the end of the road, and I felt real sorry as I touched my cap at sight of the coffin.

All sorts of things used to remind me of him at odd times afterwards, and at last something happened that made it so that I shall never forget him as long as I live.

It all came about through that hat of his that he give me. It was never really any use to me, you know, straight; but as regards the young chap as I passed it on to, it was the very thing he wanted. I reckon that hat had a lot to do in setting him on his legs again.

He was a clerk in the law, and lodged at my married sister's, where I'd met him once or twice, and where they all liked him. When he got the bullet he told them straight that unless he found another shop pretty soon he couldn't afford to stay with them, for he'd saved next to nothing. As long as he could he paid up honourable, but with nothing coming in and nothing left—and that was the size of it in a few weeks' time—honourable feelings couldn't foot his bills when his pockets was empty.

My sister and my brother-in-law couldn't afford to keep him, but was too kind-hearted to turn him out, specially as he was trying his hardest to find something to do—answering ads., walking to the City on boots that he'd nearly wore the soles off of, and walking back on an empty stomach. Eh? Oh, yes; of course, on the boots, too. All the time his clothes was getting shabbier and shabbier as weeks dribbled away into months, with nothing for him but an odd job now and then.

At last, one day while I was off duty, my sister come to me in quite a fluster.

"It's about our young Mr. Dawkins," she says.

"Well," I replies, "you know I've always advised you. . . . ."

"I don't want your advice," she snaps in; "I want your hat."

"My hat!" I hollers.

"Yes," she says. "That swagger tile you told us about being give to you. Mr. Dawkins has got an answer at last to one of his everlasting letters and he's got to go to see about a crib to-morrow. His clothes are that seedy that Bill"—that's her husband—"is lending him his best overcoat to cover 'em up, and it's Bill's idea to borrow your hat and send him up like a toff. If he gets this berth we shall get back what he owes us."

"He's welcome," I tells her, "and let him know he needn't return it."

I see there's some fares waiting at the next stop, but there ain't much more that I can't tell sharp and surprising like, and they won't interrupt me much.

Well, sir, whether it was my hat or Bill's coat that done the trick, young Dawkins was took on. The crib was in his old business—at a lawyer's. Rather him than me, for I'm skeary of lawyers and always was.

About a month after he'd made his new start, when I got home to my digs one night after knocking off, there he was waiting for me, late as it was. I was took aback, but soon more so—in fact, as soon as he began to speak.

"Mr. Purkinson," he says, speaking like a judge, "you were good enough to give me a hat."

"What of it?" I asks.

"At present I have said nothing to your sister or her husband on the subject of what I am about to communicate to you," he goes on solemn and professional. "Let me put to you what we call a leading question."

The hat itself was on my table, and he points to it as he says—same as they used to ask in the old song—"Where did you get that hat?"

"I didn't pinch it, if that's what you're driving at," I answers, huffy—but he calms me down very nicely, and listens very earnest and without a word, while I tells him all there was to tell.

"Now, what have you got to tell *me?*" I ends up with.

"The strangest thing you've ever heard in your life," declares Dawkins—and right he was. In my words instead of his, it was this.

The firm he'd got engaged by had been solicitors for the late Mr. Rasland Cass. Rasland Cass was the name of the affable gent. who gave me his hat. They were winding

up his affairs. He'd died very rich, and there had been a lot to do, extra trouble being caused through some of his papers having been destroyed and others damaged in the fire at his private house.

Among the latter was his will. This was on one large sheet of paper, all wrote out by his own hand. It hadn't got burnt, but only badly scorched along one part of the off-side edge. At exactly this one particular part it had been grabbed hold of, just where it had sort of smouldered, and just as far as it had been touched it had crumbled to dust.

It was like as though a small, irregular piece had been torn or bitten off, at the very place where somebody had been left a hundred pounds in consideration of something. The "sum of one hundred pounds" was clear though scorched, and "in consideration of" was clear, but the name of the lucky bloke was missing, and also what the "in consideration of" was about. All the rest of the will could be made out more or less easy, and the signature part was uninjured.

The two witnesses had seen poor Mr. Cass sign all right, but hadn't read the particulars of what he was putting his hand to, and in consequence they didn't know any more than anybody else who it was that had been put down for a "hundred pounds in consideration of."

The points that had been raised and disputed about and settled and left unsettled in connection with this scorched will, said Dawkins, made the case a wonderful interesting one, but it all come to this. The chap that come in for almost all the lot, under the will, would have come in for everything without any will at all, because he was the next-of-kin. He had paid the other legacies already, and if the hundred pounder ever turned up and proved he'd been intended for the money, it was waiting for him.

"But with his name pinched into snuff," I says, "that ain't no way possible. And what the deuce have *I* got to do with it? What the devil do you come to me for with this long yarn at this time of night?"

Again he points to the hat, and tells me dramatic: "Mr. Purkinson, to-day I took that hat to be blocked and done up. When you gave it me I noticed that the lining inside had a wadding of blotting paper all round it, evidently to make it fit soft and easy. I never took that wadding out, but the hatter to-day did. I picked it up, and noticed impressions of writing on it. Look!"

He fished a circular pad of white blotting paper from his pocket, and unfolded it.

Faint in some places and distincter in others, he showed me the "impressions" he'd just spoke of. "Peter Purkinson, L.C.C. Tramways Conductor, Number 4023," was the plainest of the lot, and the next plainest was "honesty and invariable civility."

"This piece of blotting paper," says young Dawkins, more like a judge than ever, "blotted the will of the late Mr. Rasland Cass. The client we are acting for—his heir—will require no further evidence than we are now in a position to put before him. Mr. Purkinson, that hundred pounds is yours."

And mine it was, sir. And mine it is, put by for a nest egg.

Fares, please.

MR. HASSALL—SCAPEGRACE.

Mr. John Hassall, the famous artist, was a regular pickle as a boy.

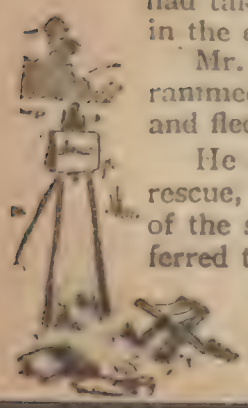
At Newton Abbot, where he was at school, there was a room in which stood a large bath, fitted with a lid so that when not required for ablutions it could be used as a table for serving out the midday lunches, and so on.

One very hot summer's afternoon—a half-holiday—Mr. Hassall, who had been kept in doing "lines," was going out when, passing the room in question, he saw a very singular sight.

The French master, presumably for the sake of coolness, had taken off his coat, got a cushion or two, and was lying in the empty bath reading.

Mr. Hassall tip-toed up to the bath, pulled over the lid, rammed home the bolt which secured it, turned on both taps, and fled, pursued by muffled Gallic howls.

He says he never heard the exact details of the teacher's rescue, but the headmaster failing to take a humorous view of the situation, Mr. Hassall for some time afterwards preferred to take his meals standing.



What Our Readers Say

ABOUT OUR

Gold-Pointed Fountain Pen.

"I am delighted with your fountain pen. It is better than one which was given to me at Christmas, and which I have found out cost 15s."—J. R. (Leicester).

"I enclose 120 coupons and Postal Order for ten shillings. Please send me further supply of ten MODERN MAN fountain pens. I am selling them to chaps at the factory who are not readers of the paper, at 3s. 6d. each. As the pen is such very good value, and the box has 10s. 6d. printed at each end, they are well satisfied. I hope you do not object to me making a bit of profit like this. I am giving away to likely readers all the copies from which I take coupons."

—W. H. S. (Bradford).

"Yours is the first fountain pen that I have been able to write with. I could wish for nothing better."

—H. L. (Glasgow).

"I do not know how you can do it at the price. The pen is a beauty."—P. D. (Northallerton).

"THE MODERN MAN" Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 490.)

Description of our Pen.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, tipped with iridium, and ball-pointed.

¶ The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions.

POCKET CLIP TO FIX THE PEN SECURELY IN THE VEST POCKET PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 490 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

£200 a year
for answering 30 questions

Novel way of filling a vacancy.

A well-known London firm is adopting an interesting method of filling up a vacancy. The Caxton Publishing Company has one of the most important businesses in this country and employs a large staff. Employment in the office of such a concern is greatly to be desired by anyone capable of "making good" and anxious to profit by the opportunity to establish a life-long connection. A man or woman entering the office of the Caxton Publishing Company has a chance to show grit and ability which will be rewarded. Naturally a position there is not available every day, and the Company is careful in choosing candidates.

AN EXAMINATION IN COMMON-SENSE.

With the idea of finding an intelligent man or woman for a forthcoming vacancy the Company asks us to announce that a situation, at £200 commencing salary, will be thrown open to free examination. There is no entrance fee and the conditions are easy and unexacting. What the Caxton Publishing Company seeks is not so much a man or woman of great experience, as one of intelligence and quick apprehension.

These qualities can be readily tested by a few questions on ordinary business knowledge, such as can be answered at home by anyone of the requisite qualifications who has a book of reference like the **Business Encyclopaedia** to refer to. The questions will therefore be based upon that work, and candidates are expected to provide themselves with it, but they will be allowed to consult as well any other book of reference that they choose. The examination will consist of three short papers of questions, and as there will be plenty of time allowed, no applicant need fear any strain upon his leisure.

£100 IN CASH.

We are informed that the names of candidates will, except in the case of the winners, be kept strictly secret, and also that in the event of the winning candidate being already engaged, he or she (for the £200 a year offer is open to both sexes) have the alternative of accepting £100 in cash. There are eleven consolation prizes ranging in value from £25 cash to £2.

THE JUDGES.

The following prominent business men have kindly consented to act as judges:—

Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Bart.
(Ex-Lord Mayor of London).

Sir GEORGE RIDDELL
(Director News of the World, Ltd.; Director Country Life, Ltd.; Director Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.)

Sir JOSEPH LYONS
(Managing Director J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.).

T. J. BARRATT, Esq.
(Chairman A. & F. Pears, Ltd.).

JOHN LAWRIE Esq.
(Managing Director William Whiteley, Ltd.).

As it is impossible to print in the limited space of this announcement the whole of the particulars, a brief Prospectus of the Examination has been prepared, indicating the character and scope of the Examination, which will be sent post free on receipt of the coupon at the bottom of this column.

WHY YOU SHOULD ENTER.

It is distinctly understood that sending for the Prospectus of the Examination does not commit any reader to the intention of entering the Competition. You may be already engaged in business for your own benefit, or may be earning a higher salary. But the Examination project will nevertheless interest you. Although you may not wish for the £200 salary, the alternative prize of £100 in money may appeal to you.

And you, if engaged in business, will undoubtedly find the examination interesting and informing. It will enlarge your views on Commercial Life. It will lead you to the consideration of problems which might never have occurred to you. It will unquestionably suggest new trains of business thought, and perhaps bring you into contact with ideas having practical value. Without consuming many hours of your time it will offer you profitable recreation during the long evenings. And, in addition, there are twelve substantial prizes.

TO THE AMBITIOUS MAN OR WOMAN.

But, on the other hand, if you are employed in work which does not give full scope to your talents, or are not paid according to your merits, or see no prospects and security of employment before you, this Business Examination offers a unique opportunity. The commencing salary is substantial, but it only represents the beginning of what a man or woman of thorough business training can aspire to. If you are interested in the offer of a commencing salary of £200 a year (or alternatively £100 in money), and eleven other prizes, write at once for the prospectus.

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Please send me full particulars of your Business Examination, and also particulars of the Business Encyclopædia, and your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name.....

Send this form, or a postcard.

Address.....

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THE THINGS THAT COUNT.

A SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY.

The Things that Count in a man's life are not always the things that he deems most valuable. There are things that we fret ourselves to get, and exert ourselves mightily to retain, which in themselves are comparatively worthless and give us but little pleasure.

Most of the efforts and ambitions of men are directed towards the making of money. Yet money, when it is unaccompanied by some other things that count, is hardly worth having; is, indeed, a barren, cheerless, ironic thing.

There are men, too, who thirst for power, who would sacrifice much to sit in the seat of authority. But when they have gained their wish, what do they find? That life takes away just so much as it gives. That it is impossible to win without equivalent loss.

ENVIED BY OTHERS.

It is true, again, that men will desire to outstrip their fellows for no better reason than to be regarded as an object of envy. But what will be the use of being envied when a man is in trouble and lonely? He will only discover then that his need is of a strong, comforting friend — veritably among the Things that Count in a difficult existence!

How strenuous are our exertions sometimes to make ourselves generally popular!

We dislike being disliked; we cannot endure being despised. We will writhe in secret for having done such and such a thing which will lower us (as we think) in the esteem of such and such a person.

And yet that person's opinion, did we but know it, does not matter an iota. All that has happened is that we have been wounded in our self-conceit. And self-conceit, let it be mentioned, is not of the things that count for much—rather the reverse.

Possibly there will be some who doubt it. Let them then reflect on the mental miseries which so often we undergo, miseries which crowd our horizon, and seem, as it were, to shut out all the rest of life.

MISERIES AND JOYS.

We deem them tremendous. But they pass, and pass with wonderful thoroughness.

Misery, in retrospect, is a shadowy, all but forgotten thing. Joys, on the contrary, are not. "Grief is the agony of a moment, the indulgence of grief the burden of a life." Joys live, while the memories of miseries die. Herein is a pill for the pessimist, who is advised to swallow it that he may promptly get better.

The Things that Count are the things to which every man is entitled. There is no "one law for the rich and one law for the poor" in the provision of the Things that Count. They are part of our common inheritance—strong, simple, permanent things.

The love of a man for a woman is one of them. Not the restless, tormenting passion of desire, but the wholesome, enduring mating instinct; the impulse to propagate; the need of a life-partner, sharing one's joys and woes.

Children are vitally and visibly Things that Count.

WHEN A CRISIS COMES.

They may not be considered so by the harassed, overworn mother; they may represent noise and nuisance and endless expense to the father, who, perhaps, finds desperate difficulty in making ends meet. But let one of the children be ill, or in danger of death. . . .

Pushed aside are cares and the little daily apprehensions, which obtrude so disproportionately in the uneventful life; out of the crisis emerges the elemental character, which, facing one of the big, significant issues, fights or stands calm, as the occasion may warrant.

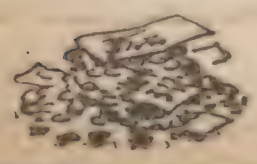
To eat and to drink, to sleep, and to be adequately clad—these are the commonplace essentials of life, the absence of any one of which would result in our early extermination.

We fail to appreciate them so long as we have them. It is only when we are threatened with their deprivation that we begin to realise how enormously they count.

"There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour." Profoundly true and profoundly simple.

Not the least among the Things that Count is the possession of sufficient wisdom to understand that our requirements, after all, are simple.

A. G. STORM.



PREPARING FOR THE FLAT.

Although it seems only yesterday that the newsboys were shouting "November Handicap—Result," a great many trainers are already busy preparing their charges for next season's flat racing, which starts at Lincoln in March.

Horses that are engaged at that meeting are pulled out for work half an hour or so earlier every morning now, and their supply of food is being gradually diminished, while the time-table for the day's different processes, "doing over," etc., is more and more rigidly adhered to.

WHEN MR. F. E. SMITH WAS RUN IN.

It is not often that a University don is run in by the police, but such was once the fate of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

When Mr. Smith was a young and brilliant Fellow of Merton, some great personage paid a visit to Oxford, and a number of London police were drafted in to keep order. The London bobbies did not understand the playful ways of the undergraduates, and trouble ensued between them.

Emerging from his rooms when the row was at its height, Mr. Smith came upon his "scout" (servant)—a most respectable man—being roughly handled by the police. Feeling sure that there was some mistake, he interfered, only to find himself run in on a charge of obstructing and assaulting the police. Later in the day he was brought before the beak, and discharged "without a stain upon his character."

OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

If you have not yet had some of our now celebrated "Nice Place" postcards, send for them to-day. They are extremely pretty and artistic, and are being supplied to all our readers entirely free of charge.

Send a large stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once.

Those who have already enjoyed the joke can have some more cards if they wish them.

THIS OVERCOAT FOR 3/- WITH ORDER READY TO WEAR.

MASTERS' "BURLINGTON" OVERCOAT—it is a speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing. It is made of beautifully warm blanket cloth in all the fancy rich-looking shadow stripes, green, blue, grey, &c., by expert Tailors—heavy and warm for the Winter. Masters' system of immediate supply is for your convenience. Simply send 3/- with order, give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 30/- self-fitting, ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid. Pay 3/- on delivery and 5/- monthly. We also supply the "Burlington" Coat in same shades, double-breasted, back strap and strapped sleeves for 35/-, or 4/- deposit, 4/- on delivery, 5/- monthly. Send 3/- (or 4/- for the D.B.), and ask for the "Burlington" ready-to-wear Overcoat.

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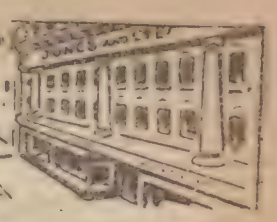

FOOLISH POLITENESS.

A WORD WITH EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES.

Somebody who never saw more than half a question once said that civility costs nothing. Somebody else, hearing this, and trying to put such a splendid ideal into practice, set to work to be so polite to everyone else that his politeness became foolish and even offensive.

There is a lot of foolish politeness about the world, and such politeness is a hindrance to business. Both employers and employed often make themselves quite ridiculous in this respect. The trouble arises from two well-known weaknesses of human nature.

In the first place, the man in power, the employer, likes the power he wields and likes to see its effect upon those he employs.

On the other hand, the employee is often in quite unnecessary awe of his employer.

He fears the sack, and wrongly supposes that continual cringing will save him from it. It won't. Nothing but good work can give him safety in this respect.

The effect of these two characteristics is to produce a condition in both parties that is really ludicrous to an outsider.

Here is an example of stupid excess of politeness: An employer and his clerk entered a lift, a narrow lift. The clerk naturally let his employer enter first. When the lift reached the next floor the clerk, again desperately anxious to show deference, made himself as thin as possible to allow the stout employer to squeeze past him and go out first.

The effect was ludicrous. The clerk made heroic efforts to make way, the employer, anxious to take all possible precedence, made equally desperate efforts to get past, and there they stuck, the employer losing both dignity and temper and the clerk becoming more and more embarrassed. To the eyes of the spectator they both looked screamingly funny.

This sort of thing does not help business. I am sure an employer has a secret contempt for an employee who is excessively polite. A robust common sense that does not insist on such studious observances of the supposed deference to power is much more attractive. I should be inclined to kick a man—to kick him out—who was always opening the door for me and stepping aside. It suggests Uriah Heep—the humble one.

F. EASTLEIGH.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.*)*

Members of the Stock Exchange generally report better investment business during the last few days of the year, and there is every reason why this should continue, as trade is good and money is plentiful. It is many years since the country enjoyed such a prosperous Christmas; and the outlook for 1912 is quite good.

The cotton lock-out is the only "fly in the ointment" at the moment as far as labour is concerned; but no doubt the difficulty between masters and men will be overcome, as have similar troubles in other branches of trade lately, with business-like dispatch.

With this trouble out of the way, the prices of railway stocks will continue to rise.

The District Railway is not affected by strikes in other trades, this is purely a passenger line; and the combination of Omnibus Company and Underground Rails will, no doubt, enable them to increase fares slightly, which will make an enormous difference to the net returns. Consequently the stock round about 34 is still cheap, and the Six Per Cent. Income Bonds at 74 are still good to buy, as they are almost certain to be retired.

Americans still look like going better, especially Copper issues. Investors in sound Rubber companies ought to do well in 1912; and the reverse is the case of the Kaffirs.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

"COLONEL" (Llandudno).—Sorry I cannot advise, it appears to me to be a matter for your solicitor.

G. L. (Louth).—In my opinion the first three should be held and the others realised at the first opportunity.

"AGATE" (Skegness).—The documents are quite in order; it often happens that there is a considerable delay in obtaining delivery of the stock, but this does not affect your right to the dividend for which your broker will claim on your behalf.

"WABASH" (Salisbury).—I think you may safely replace them directly the market shows any signs of recovery.

R. M. (Newark).—The better plan would be to leave a stop loss limit with your broker, and instruct him to keep it on for the street market which sometimes lasts till eight o'clock.

E. M. S. (Hatfield).—(1) No; (2) I should not advise cutting the loss; it is quite on the cards there may be a sudden revival, and the further amount you stand to lose cannot make any appreciable difference.

"SCHLOSS" (Gateshead).—The documents you forward do not give a complete account of the transaction; when you send me the others I will investigate the matter.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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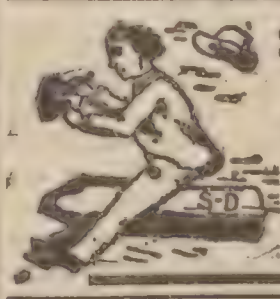

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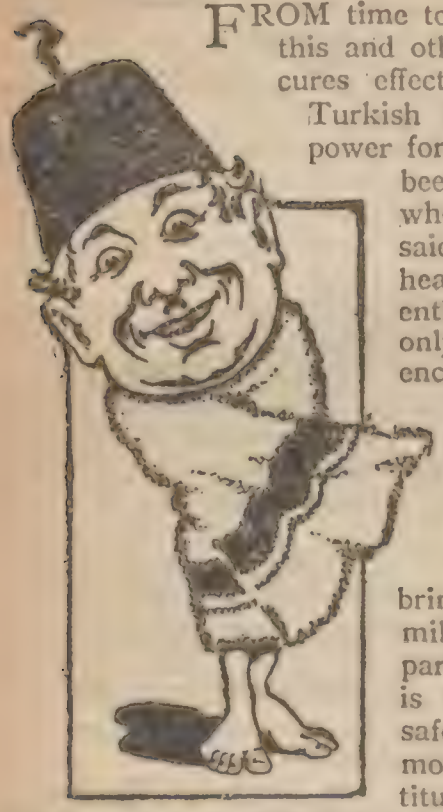
WINTER ACHES & PAINS

By the Turkish Bath Man.



FROM time to time I have told readers of this and other papers of the remarkable cures effected by the "Gem" Home Turkish Bath, and of its wonderful power for maintaining health. I have been for many years a sincere, whole-hearted, and I had almost said, devout missioner of this health-giving bath, because my enthusiasm for it is based not only on my own personal experience, but on the testimony of thousands of those who have benefited from its use. I have a double purpose to serve; I am interested in the Bath commercially, but I am not less interested in bringing within the reach of the millions a health agent, or apparatus, which I am persuaded is more powerful for good, is safer and simpler in use, and is more generally effective in a multitude of diseases, distempers and aches and pains than anything else that the ingenuity of man has yet devised. This is the bare truth.

The "Gem" Turkish Bath is particularly powerful for good in the winter time. Wintry weather finds out our weak spots—and how few there are who have not some weakness which the cold or the damp or the sudden change of temperature seizes upon, causing serious illness, partial disablement, or at least great discomfort—chills, colds, catarrhs, rheumatism (muscular or of the joints), sciatica, neuralgia, influenza, inflammation of the lungs, sore throat, loss of voice, and other complaints. These are rife. Look round the office or the workshop and note how many are away ill; keep your eye on the newspapers and note how many deaths of eminent people alone are recorded in a single season, as being due to some serious chest complaint caused by a chill. And remember that the "Gem" Bath will stop the ill-effects of the most severe chill at a single application, and is effective in every one of the complaints which I have mentioned. As it is also in many others which I have not space to enumerate here, but information as to which is given in my book "Perfect Health," a copy of which I send free of cost to any inquirer.

The hot air and vapour baths, which the "Gem" Bath enables everybody to enjoy in their own homes, work along well understood physiological lines and are endorsed by the highest medical authority. The great Doctor, Erasmus Wilson, declared that if these baths were in general use the inhabitants of every large city would live as healthy as those who enjoy every advantage of fresh air and open field and bright sunshine. For myself, if I were Carnegie, I would set about placing one of these "Gem" Baths in every home in the land. Nothing is calculated to do more good for the individual, and, through the individual, for the national health. I cannot afford to give the Baths away; but I offer the Bath (and with it a great gift of health) at a moderate price. I disarm suspicion by trusting entirely to you. I send the Bath on receipt of a post-dated cheque or money order, so that you run absolutely no risk. Note the terms of the coupon, which gives you complete protection. And remember—that the "Gem" Bath not only **cures** but **prevents**; and prevention is better than cure. Write for the Bath **now**. Wisdom's voice says: Have it at hand, for **your** time of trial may be to-morrow.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

L. A. F. (Southend).—There is a certain type of knowing idiot who thinks that all professional contests are "arranged." We do not pretend to be knowing, and are credulous enough to believe that Stevenson and Gray are playing on the square.

G. R. (Halesowen).—The general "rule of the ice" is to pass another skater "left arm to left arm."

W. T. (Southampton).—(1) There is little to choose between llama wool and sheep's wool so far as safeguarding against a chill is concerned. The introduction of silk into woollen underclothing is intended to make the garments less irritating to tender skins and less liable to shrink. (2) The pictures to which you refer are out of print.

J. F. McM. (Manchester).—If you are passed for the Army, the recruiting sergeant can arrange for you to join a week later, so that you can give your employer due notice.

RANGOON.—Corporal J. A. G. Pimmer, Brigade Staff Office, Rangoon, Burma, would like to correspond with Territorial readers in the old country.

CARL D. (Edinburgh).—Havers!

"PUZZLED" (Chiswick).—We agree with you that Lord Kinnaird is a remarkable man, and never so remarkable, perhaps, as when he reconciles his conscience as President of the Y.M.C.A. with the playing of Good Friday football.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday, January 10, a lecture will be delivered by Mr. Garrod, at the headquarters of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club, at 8 p.m. On Wednesday, January 17, a smoker will be held.

R. M. R. (Wolverhampton).—The correct hours for paying social calls are between 3 and 6 o'clock; but, except in the case of a very ceremonious visit, it is not usual to call before 4 p.m., or thereabouts.

"COSMOPOLITAN" (Manchester).—You can live fairly comfortably in either Berlin or Paris on 30s. a week.

A. R. T. (Blackman Lane).—The novelist to whom you refer, and who says that Englishmen are not the race they used to be, is merely adopting an old device to arrest the attention of his readers. He must not be taken seriously.

H. C. (Leeds).—You will find a list of theatrical costumiers in the "London Directory," which can be consulted at your reference library. Clarkson's could supply you.

E. W. (Forest Gate).—You can damp dry tobacco by sprinkling a few drops of water into your pouch or by placing a piece of apple in your tobacco-jar. If you use the water wheeze, do not overdo it.

G. McC (Ayr), **W. H. E.** (Kandri Mine), **O. D.** (Belfast), **W. J. W.** (Manchester), **E. W.** (Kinsale), **R. G. P.** (B.S.A. Police), **W. L** (Hammersmith), **F. J. G.** (Bolton), **S. B.** (Hinckley), **E. F. C.** (Philadelphia).—Our salaams.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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A VILLAGE STORY.

ALL THE WINNERS

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

It was a cold night, crisp and sharp, and a full moon lit up the hard road. In a long walk out I had left it until late before starting on the homeward journey, and the sight of a big wagonette just ahead of me was the first thing that made me hope I might be back to dinner in time.

It was going very slowly, and, walking sharply, I found I was soon up with the driver's box.

He waved me to silence after my hail, and leaned over the side.

"If you can get up while we're a-movin', you're welcome to a lift," he said, "but I ain't goin' to stop lest I should wake *them* up."

He chucked an expressive thumb over his shoulder.

"Got the Lerne village football team here," he said.

I clambered up on the slowly rising wheel.

"I 'ave to increase the pace by degrees," he said. "A too sudden change o' speed might set them off again. Let sleepin' dogs lie is what I ses—or monkeys for that matter. That's what this lot are—a cartful of monkeys."

Somehow, it did not seem quite to touch the matter.

"Monkeys with megaphones," he corrected himself. "Any'ow, you call 'em what you like. There's only one thing certain: You don't cop Jimmy Bindley—that's me—drivin' no more football teams no more. My oath you don't! See my guv'nor's ears as long as a donkey's first, that I will.

"You live through Lerne—in the town, I s'pose? Ah, thought so. It's always them town fellers what cadges lifts off us chaps. Well, anyway, this 'ere lot be'ind 'ere played Thorp Hamlet in the final o' the East Kent Football Charity Cup to-day. As you say, you need hardly ask whether they won. But that's where you're comin' the bloomin' know-all again, 'cause it *is* possible that the losin' team might drink to drown their sorrows, ain't it? You'll grant that? Well, in that case I'll tell you right out I've got the winners 'ere—all the winners.

"Look back. Look along the line o' the sleepin' beauties. That feller there, 'angin' arf over the end rail of this 'ere wehicle (wonder whether I ought to go an' prop 'im up?) is 'Chalky' Cheeseman, the captain.

"That's it. You've marked it. You observe 'e's got the Cup 'ugged to his breast. (Wonder if it 'ud get damaged if 'e was to fall out? I sort er feel responsible for that Cup, you know.)

"'Chalky' Cheeseman 'ad the pluck to go an' take the Cup from the chairman of the union. That needed a man o' courage, I can tell you.

"I may as well say right away that the 'atred between them two teams—Thorp and Lerne—is what you *might* call bitter. Oh, they go at it 'ell an' Tommy when they meet. And 'ell? Oh, 'ell must be a little select place for picnic parties (not that *they're* much in the way o' good behaviour. I've driven 'em) in comparison with this crew.

"Lerne won all right. We injured more men permanent like than Thorp could. 'Arf the cripples you see under the tilt there are suspended for the rest o' the footer season—or will be.

"Yes, old 'Chalky' there went straight with the Cup to the first pub in Thorp.

"'It's all right,' ses 'e. 'I reckon after the ref's. made 'is report we can most of us consider ourselves out of trainin'. Champagne, landlord,' ses 'e.

"But the care with which that cup was handed round—so none o' the other side's supporters should get 'old of it in that there crowded bar an' barge off with it!

"'Wot about the driver?' I shouts out, poppin' me 'ead in.

"'Ain't certain of your mivvy,' said the captain. 'Can't give you any.'

"'You can 'old on the cup. I *ham* your driver, worse luck,' I ses.

"'There! Knew you was a Thorp supporter under your skin,' ses the captain, the hartful beggar.

"And so the poor dog 'ad none.

"Well—well—blarm *me!*" Mr. Bindley was laughing as one consumed at the recollection of hurt that befell others.

"They got into the wagonette all right, and started a-shoutin' and a-singin', and a-flarin' torches, and doin' a proper, if noisy, triumph right through the street in Thorp Hamlet. They was bangin' on the trap—I shall charge 'em for that—they was blowin' trumpets and gradgerly—gradgerly, mind you—very hartistic it was to see—they dropped off one by one. Said they felt tired, and all that. And now look at 'em!"

Mr. Bindley winked at me.

"If they'd been less of 'ogs I should ha' been asleep now, and you'd ha' been able to drive yourself 'ome without me knowin'. *I* saw the chemist o' Thorp 'angin' about. 'E's one o' the vice-presidents o' the club, 'e 'is. Well, 'e purvided 'em with a little sleepin' draught after their harduous game. It was put in the champagne all right by the landlord.

"But, all the same, if I 'ad see'd it done, I ain't so sure as I should ha' said anything about it. 'Ang 'em, says I! They wouldn't let me touch a drop o' their blarmed beer when we was comin'—and we've got two gallons of it aboard under this very seat.

"Well, I've just 'ad a couple o' swigs out o' one o' the jars. An' that's honest—dam' honest, considerin' I've got both of 'em underneath this 'ere seat.

"I've 'ad to keep me peepers open all the way. D'you know what I think? I think they intended to rush this 'ere wagonette an' lift the Cup, so the Lerne F.C. 'ud 'ave to go 'ome without it an' look rare fules when they woke up. That was what I reckon was the idea. We might be ambushed at any point. They might spring out on us and raid the wagonette. Kids' play it looks, I dessay, with them like they are. But I can drive. I can drive."

He leered at me and breathed heavily into my face. He had taken yet another swig at the beer.

"Sha'n't offer you none, as I know that you gentry can't drink poor man's tack. This 'ere's mild. I s'pose you're a gentleman. Your face's clean, anyway.

"Arf minute. I've idea. *You* ain't one o' them Thorp chaps what 'ave got up 'ere by a ruse to lift the Cup? 'Ang me if that ain't possible! Now, don't be sill' fule. If you—Thorp feller—say so—I f'give you. These chaps, y'know——" he sighed very deeply—"wouldn't give me any o' their blarmed beer!"

Suddenly out of the dark came yells for us to stop.

"Thorp chaps! Must p'serve the Cup!" said Mr. Bindley. "Keep y'r 'ead down and mind the brickbats."

He lashed the horses into a gallop, and within five minutes we were running down hill into the village of Lerne. He was holding them in now by some instinct, and I managed to seize hold of the lever that controlled the brake. We slowed up gradually, and ere we had dropped back into our original crawl, I perceived Mr. Bindley—was fast asleep!

With an instinct not rare in the equine slave of man, our pair pulled up opposite the first hostelry.

Immediately a host serried round our wheels. I told my story in as few words as possible. And then with hoots for Thorp, volunteers came forward to disturb the slumbers of the victors.

"Good Jimminy," I heard someone say. "There's 'arf a dozen of 'em gorn! There's not 'arf the team 'ere!"

We prodded Bindley for explanation.

"Must ha' bin them that yelled out at the turn," he said. "I thought all them what was leanin' on the captain and the blokes at the end 'ud go in time. That I did. And I said to you, 'Mind the brickbats.' Ha-ha!"

He sank into a doze again. The Thorp drink-dopers had been thorough in their work, and in the event of accidents had made a certainty of it in the case of the celebrating beer.

I murmured something to the owner of the wagonette, who had come up to investigate.

"Go back and see whether any o' them that fell out of a wagonette goin' five mile an hour are *hurt?*" said he in derision. "Why, sir, them was the chaps as we sent to play football with Thorp Hamlet!"

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TURNED UP OVERCOAT COLLARS.

A man's overcoat looks better when the collar is turned up than when turned down. I could not tell you why, but a man's appearance is, if I may use the expression, more virile and masculine when his overcoat collar is turned up than when it is lying flat.

Let me correct at once any possible misinterpretation of that opinion. I mean when his coat collar is turned up closely round his neck and fixed there with the button or tab which keeps the two sides of the collar together. I do not mean when he is wearing his collar turned up and loose, in the fashion of the portraits one sees of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The cavalryman, who is an inveterate dandy, knows well that he is most irresistible to the fair sex when the collar of his cloak is turned up, and he wears it so in many cases even when the stress of weather scarcely justifies it.

The hint may be taken for what it is worth, and by those whom it may concern.

CLOAKS FOR MEN.

Talking of the cavalryman's cloak reminds me of cloaks for men in general. The cavalry cloak is, of course, a sleeved overcoat, but the expression as used in civilian life implies an outer garment of the cape variety without sleeves.

One does not often see men wearing cloaks, except in the country, but when well made they are extremely becoming. If you have never seen a man wearing a well-made cloak, you might suppose that the appearance would be effeminate, but it is the reverse. Men's cloaks are cut much longer than women's, so that there is nothing to suggest the dressmaker's handiwork about them.

A cloak, moreover, is a capital thing for really dirty weather, for you can button it up and keep your hands snugly warm and dry inside. Its only inconvenience is when you want to use your hands, and for that reason, I suppose, the cloak's sleeved rival, the overcoat, will retain its present position of popularity.

AN EVENING DRESS INNOVATION.

The other evening in a theatre I saw a man wearing a pale grey bow tie with evening dress. He was a gilded youth, whose idea was doubtless to be the pioneer of a new fashion. He was wearing a grey vest of the same colour, so apparently he had thought out a sort of scheme, but it was not a satisfactory one.

No drastic change in evening dress has much chance of becoming popular, for it has already got as near perfection as it is likely to do.

SPATS.

This winter has shown a great revival in the wearing of spats. Until recently, spats were relegated to middle-aged or elderly men, and even the dandy who, ten years ago, considered a pair of light spats an indispensable part of his outfit, would not have accepted a prince's ransom to have appeared in a pair a few seasons back.

That, however, is changed, and spats are once again things which men of all ages may wear.

In selecting a pair of spats, as much care must be exercised as in choosing any other article of apparel. The spats should be of a colour suitable for the footgear worn and in harmony with the suit.

A brown pair of spats worn with a pair of black boots and a navy blue suit looks extremely bad. A dark slate pair, however, with the same suit and the same boots, looks very well indeed.

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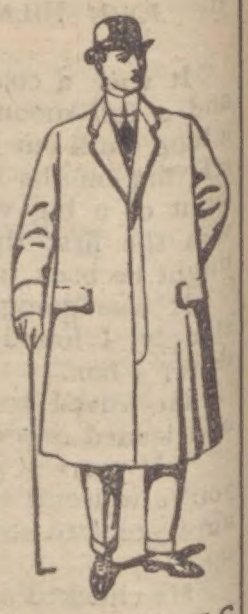

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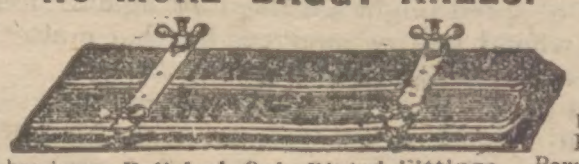

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Is the **NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO.**, they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

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If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
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ASH PLANT STICKS.

Perhaps the most popular kind of walking-stick at the present time is the very inexpensive ash plant. You can get a good one for 9d., and a really fine one for 1s.

It is not suitable for using with the morning-coat suit, and should be reserved for lounge suits or sporting togs.

The ash plant is a strong, serviceable stick, which would be perfect if, instead of a crutch handle, it had a crook, for the crook stick you can always hook on to your arm, and get it out of the way when you want to have both hands free.

OLD GLOVES.

The man who is careful as to his appearance avoids shabby or dirty gloves, and in course of time he finds himself possessed of a number of pairs which have been "seconded" from service, and which are probably presented in the end to the housemaid.

Old gloves should not, however, be ruthlessly destroyed or given away, for they come in very handy when you are cleaning a rifle or a bicycle, or doing any other greasy work—that is, always provided that the seams of the gloves have not given way.

For all jobs such as those mentioned, an old pair of driving gloves will prove as useful as any other. In their case the stitching is usually handwork and not done with the machine, and therefore, it does not break or come undone.

In the case of heavy gloves you should, I think, always insist on the stitching being handwork, even if you have to pay a little more for them.

THE DISCARDED SUIT.

Probably you have stored somewhere a suit which you regard as too old to wear. It is not even worth spending money to have it done up, and so you have laid it aside and forgotten it.

Turn it out and see whether it is not in considerably better condition than you thought. A suit which has had a long rest revives wonderfully. You have probably folded it up before you stored it away, and put it in a drawer with other discarded garments. The weight of them will have pressed out all the creases in the old suit, and the natural elasticity of the material will have brought it back to something like its former shapeliness.

Moreover, one reason why you discarded the suit was probably that you were tired of it. Now, however, it seems like an old acquaintance whom you have not seen for some time, to be possessed of unexpected charms.

Anyhow, I suggest that you should turn out such a suit if you possess one, and perhaps you will find that it is good enough to wear on wet days or at odd times, and you will then have yet anther change of raiment.

LEGGINGS WITH TROUSERS.

There are occasions when one wishes to wear leggings without going to the trouble of changing into breeches, as, for example, when you decide upon a short stroll on a wet evening.

To fix a pair of leggings over trousers, however, is always a matter of some difficulty—I mean leggings that are shaped to the leg, for those old-fashioned ones that are the same width all the way down need scarcely be discussed, as they are now seldom seen.

That leggings can be satisfactorily fastened over trousers is shown by the conductors of many of the L.C.C. tramcars, who manage to get them on almost as neatly over their trousers as if they were wearing breeches.

The trick is to fold the trousers tightly across immediately below the knee, in such a way that the fold points outwards, just as the front edge of the legging does.

The trousers should be pulled up sufficiently to bring the bottoms of them just above the top of the boot. Here they should be folded with great care and the bottom of the legging fixed, and while the cloth is kept flat, the rest of the legging can be adjusted.

To fix satisfactorily over trousers a pair of leggings that fit perfectly with breeches is an impossibility, for they are not sufficiently wide to take the added thickness of the cloth, but if you are likely to want leggings for trouser wear, you might do worse than buy a pair and keep them for the purpose. Get them, of course, a little wider than you would require for breeches.

WHAT READERS OF "THE MODERN MAN" THINK OF The 'LADDIZ' Cap

ALDERSHOT.
"I shall do my best to recommend your Cap to all."—A. McK.

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"Am quite satisfied with it."—J. D.

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"It is a perfect fit, and I am doing my utmost to recommend them."—A. J. C.

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"I shall certainly recommend the Cap to my friends, as I consider the Cap worth the 2s. 6d. expended."—J. McL. C.

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"I shall be pleased to recommend your Cap."—E. R. H.

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"I tried your Cap for running with the hounds to-day. It did admirably."
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GLAM.
"Am pleased with it."—A. M. W.

The "Laddiz" is the only Cap fitted with a perfect ventilating device! Ventilation is of great importance to the wearer, as the confined heat in the Cap causes deterioration, which results in an early loss of hair. The spring cushion attached assures a perfect fit, thus giving the Cap a very smart appearance, and secures the Cap firmly on the head, at the same time relieving all pressure, which means absolute comfort.

Send for one to-day, as they are sure to please you!

They are made of the best materials, with a high-class finish, in the latest styles :: and colours. ::

Prices: 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. (post free).

Send size and colour, enclosing P.O., to—

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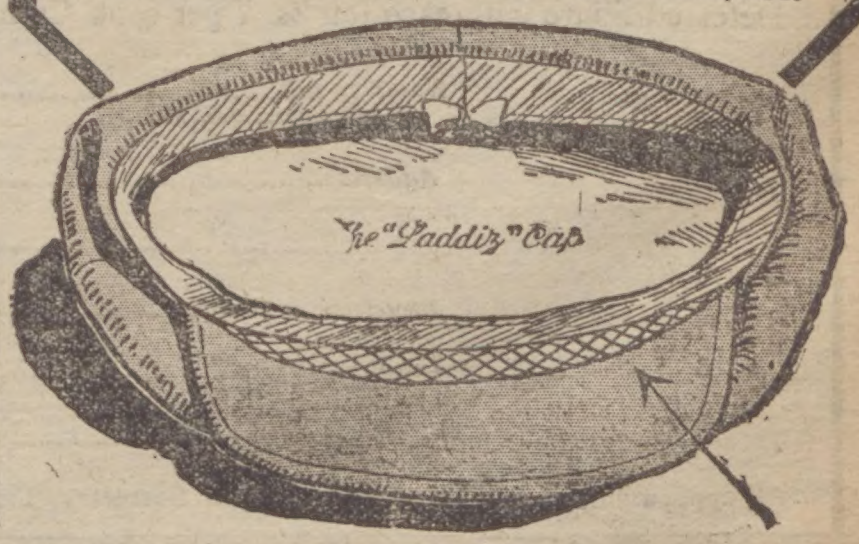

SHARES FOR OUR READERS.

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The Modern Man, Limited,

being the Remainder of the Unallotted Capital in this Company.

It is hoped that readers and League Members of THE MODERN MAN who have not yet acquired a holding in THE MODERN MAN, Limited, will take advantage of the present offer to become financially interested in this most popular paper for men.

As an inducement to you to become one of our partners, your Editor, the founder of THE MODERN MAN, most generously offers to present, free of charge, to each applicant, one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred full profit-sharing Shares with each £1 worth of Seven per Cent. 2s. Shares that may be allotted to you, *i.e.*, with every ten 2s. Shares you apply for, the founder of THE MODERN MAN will transfer to you one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred Shares.

When the Ordinary Shares have all been applied for, it will be impossible for us to allot any more, so we advise you to take immediate advantage of this offer before your chance is gone. If all the Shares have been allotted when you send in your application, your money will be returned to you in full.

Please fill in the form below for the number of Shares you require, and forward to the Secretary of the Company.

THE MODERN MAN, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies' (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed on April 21st, 1911, with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share with each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

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(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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Profession or Occupation .....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1912.

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